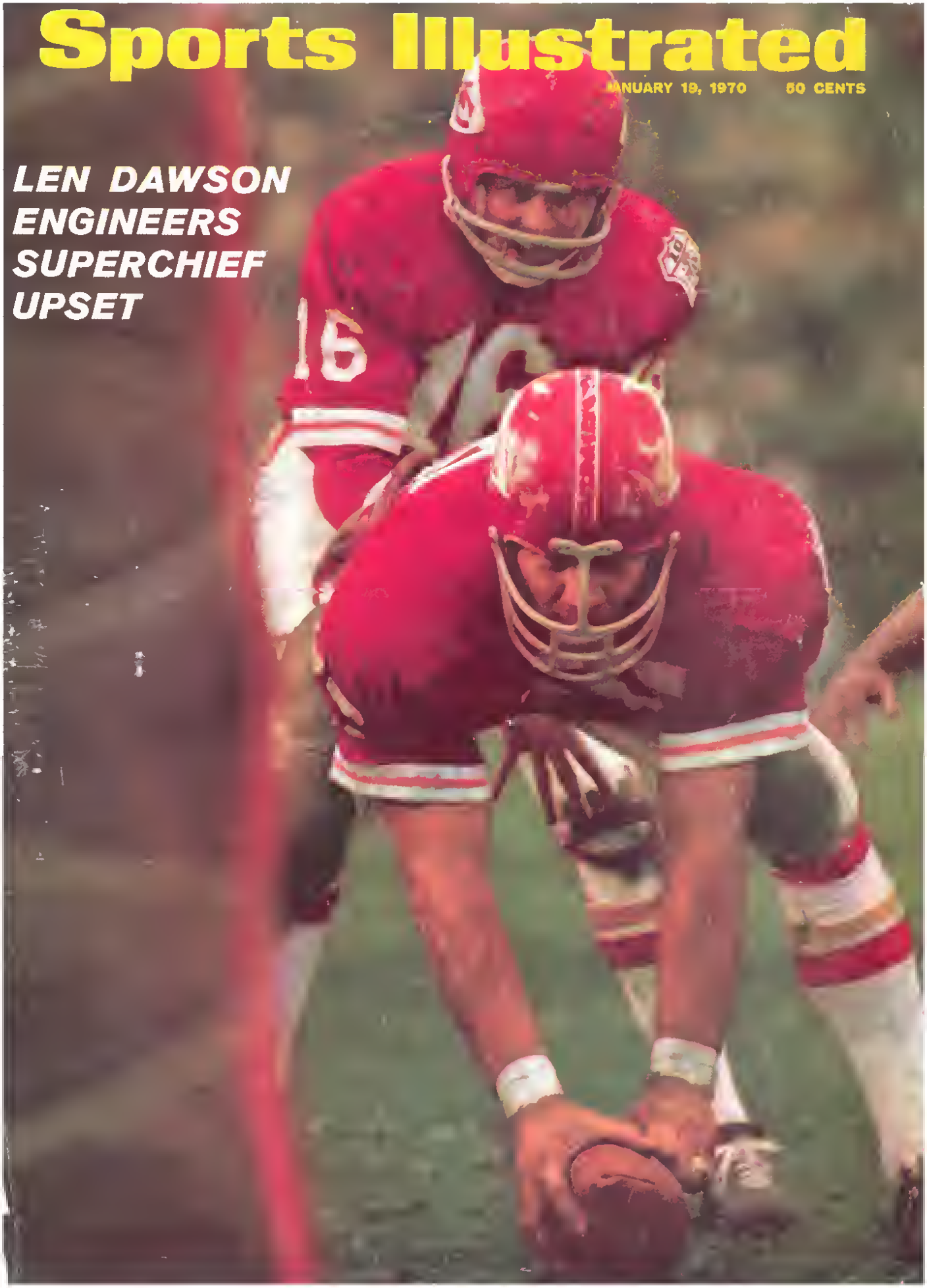
Sports Illustrated
JANUARY 19, 1970 50 CENTS

LEN DAWSON ENGINEERS SUPERCHIEF UPSET



Tell someone you like about Lark's Gas-Trap® filter.

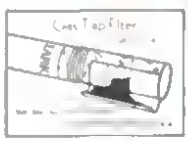
He might make you look like a bank president.



Be candid. Tell him that almost 90% of cigarette smoke is gas. And, only Lark has the patented Gas-Trap® filter. It reduces "tar", nicotine, and certain harsh gases as well.

Then say the Nationwide Consumer Testing Institute reported Lark's Gas-Trap® filter reduces certain harsh gases by more than twice as much as any of the thirteen ordinary popular filter brands tested.

Finally, tell him Lark's unique gas reduction gives Lark a uniquely smooth and easy taste. He'll appreciate that. You can bank on it.





King Size or 100's



They laughed when I said I was going to sit down and enjoy a good game of golf.

Let them laugh as they catch their death of cold outside on a wintery Saturday afternoon.

How much better to stay indoors, put your feet up and watch the top pros compete. All around the world.

Beginning Saturday, January 17, and for the next six Saturdays, Shell brings you their ninth consecutive International Golf series. Top prize money is $37,000. With $10,000 extra for a hole-in-one. That's nothing to sneeze at.

Playing the first match will be Roberto DeVicenzo, Tom Weiskopf and Dave Stockton.

So let the elements rage. Watch golf in comfort at home, every Saturday. See who wins top money. Whoever it is, you can't lose.

SHELL

Shell's Wonderful World of Golf. Saturday afternoons, in color on NBC.



the Datsun snow job

Snow-goin'est 5 seater yet . . . Datsun/2. Schuss down the pikes, power up the slopes. The potent, class-exclusive 96 HP overhead cem engine revs free, breathes easy. ■ Slalom through the tough traffic with a 4-speed, all-synchromesh or optional fully eutomatic 3-speed transmission. Make greet stops with Datsun discs—they're up front where the braking sction is. Have fun going and coming. Mobility for the cetwelks between resorts ■ The ell-vinyl upholstered interior is comforteble as a warming hut with a tast-ecting heater/defroster. Lots of trunk space, too. Fectory anti-freeze. Road-sticking, smooth-riding fully independent rear suspension. And up to 25 miles per gallon means more folding money for equipment, lift tickets, chelet play. ■ Our Snow Job doesn't need a snow job. At just $1935*, it's for reel. Try it. ■

Meke the Sound Move—drive e Detsun, then decide.

DATSUN/2

*Plus tax, license, D&H, local freight (except Hawaii) Prices and specifications are subject to change without notice

Contents

JANUARY 19, 1970 *Volume 32, No. 3*

Cover photograph by Neil Leifer

10 Hank Stram's Superchiefs

At New Orleans, Kansas City's creative coach gave Len Dawson the tools to engineer an astonishing upset

16 Bonny Year for Buffalo Bob

St Bonaventure's big Bob Lanier has big feet, big pro expectations and a big shot at the NCAA basketball title

18 Another Opening, Another Tour

In Los Angeles, Billy Casper launches golf into the 1970s by helping a nice guy finish second

24 Towering Babble and (Sob) Heidi

How the goat girl beat the Jets and other behind-the-tube revelations Part 4 of a series on television and sports

32 Ode on a Grecian Urge

Maybe that's what indoor track was meant to be, but Artist Arnold Roth finds it mostly a salute to central heating

38 The Kahlahnah Koogahs

Frank Deford tells the story of "my baby," the first regional franchise in history—and a success already

52 Squinting at the Stars

A report on what in heaven happens when astrologers examine athletes through a horoscope

The departments

7 Scorecard
42 People
44 College Basketball
46 Hunting
49 Tennis
65 For the Record
66 19th Hole



SPORTS ILLUSTRATED is published weekly except one issue at year end, by Time Inc., 541 North Fairbanks Court, Chicago, Ill. 60611; principal office Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020, James R. Shepley, President, Richard B. McKeough, Treasurer; John F. Harvey, Secretary. Second-class postage paid at Chicago, Ill. and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada and for payment of postage in cash. Subscription price in the United States, Canada, Puerto Rico and the Caribbean islands $10.00 a year, military personnel anywhere in the world $7.00 a year, all others $14.00 a year.

Credits on page 65

Next week

UPHEAVAL is the word for what Bob Cousy has started in Cincinnati as coach of the NBA's Royals. Trading stars, changing styles, he has brought a lethargic franchise to life.

THE KENYANS ARE COMING to Los Angeles for the season's first international indoor track meet. Pat Putnam reports on how Keino and Bon fare against the top competition.

TED'S FIRST YEAR as a big-league manager is analyzed by Williams himself while on an African safari. John Underwood writes it all down in what may be a hot-stove classic.

© 1970 BY TIME INC. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED. REPRODUCTION WITHOUT PERMISSION IS STRICTLY PROHIBITED.

LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

Shortly after Jeannette Bruce finished the story on astrology that begins on page 52 we insisted that she have her own horoscope done by a computer named Astroflash, which is a central character in *Squinting at the Stars of Sport* Astroflash digested the vital facts about Miss Bruce—an Aquarius—and then gave pause to all astrological scoffers by reporting back that she had a tendency to "live dangerously" and a propensity for "getting involved in futile adventures."

"Who, me?" squeaked Jeannette, rising up to her full 5 feet. But her readers and her editors would have to say, "Yes, you." We have, for example, no other writer who for one night had



BRUCE DURING ICE CAPADE ESCAPADE

the starring—or lunies' role in the 1969 Ice Capades She was invited to sit on a crescent moon, dressed in a costume of lights, some 30 feet above the ice in Madison Square Garden, the focal point for an applauding crowd of 14,000.

From below she looked serene as she waved to the audience ("No, dear, not quite so much of a karate chop," the director had advised her at rehearsal) but she was decidedly living dangerously. "For one thing, I have an acute fear of heights," she reported back. "Most Aquariuses do. And I was sitting on one of my light bulbs."

It was hardly coincidental that her wave had a karate flair, for she had followed up her first major story for us, *Confessions of a Judo Roll-Out*, with 2½ years of judo lessons in which she progressed steadily through the spectrum of self-defense belts, white, yellow, green. "I kept on out of inability to give up a losing battle," she says, "and one rainy night it all seemed worthwhile. The thing every judo student dreams of happened to me. I was walking down Sixth Avenue about 9 p.m., when a man stepped out of a dark doorway and tried to snatch my purse. How prepared I should have been, how ready to smash him to the pavement with a *morote seoinage* or a flourishing foot sweep! Instead, I hit him over the head with my umbrella."

Other Bruce misadventures have been in connection with her assignments—on a ratio of roughly 1 to 1. There was her Coney Island research, where for two weeks she got seasick on the rides, a sailing story in the Bahamas, where once again she proved unseaworthy, and the taking of an Afghan to dog-obedience school (she never owned a dog, but loves cats).

Miss Bruce comes to neither sport nor writing casually. She first blended the two at USC, where she was a football cheerleader, a literature major and the author of a two-act tragedy that was produced in Los Angeles but billed as a comedy, much to her mortification. Later she wrote a novel ("6,000 copies and it sank like a stone") and is now working on a book called *Judo for Children*, presumably without umbrellas.

We can't promise what Jeannette Bruce's next story will be. We never know. She came by the other day to say she would be gone for two weeks. She said there is a sporting implication to health foods. She said she has purchased a two-week supply of sunflower seeds and is. . . . But never mind. Just look forward to the return of our Aquarius. We always do.

Dick Munro

Sports Illustrated

Founder: Henry [illegible] 1898–1967

Editor-in-chief: Hobby Benson

Chairman of the Board: Andrew Heiskell

President: James R. Shepley

Chairman, Executive Committee: James A. [illegible]

Senior Staff Editor: Daniel Seligman

Vice Chairman: Roy E. Larsen

Managing Editor: André Laguerre

Executive Editor: Richard W. Johnston

Assistant Managing Editors: John Lobby, Roy [illegible]

Art Director: Richard Gangel

Senior Editors: Walter Bingham, Robert H. Boyle, Arthur J. Brawley, Robert Cantwell, Ray Cave, Robert Creamer, Andrew Ferguson, Rogers E. Hornsby, Dan Jenkins, Marion Kane, William Leggett, Hunter R. Marsh, Jack Olsen, Bob Ottum, Tex Maule, Emlyn Cox, Ron Rapoport, Kenneth Rudeen, Joseph Jares, Wilton Tupper, John Underwood, Alfred Wright

Associate Editors: Dan Anderson, Gwilym S. Brown, Joseph Carroll, Frank Deford, Joe Jares, William Johnson, Robert F. Jones, Virginia Kraft, Mark Kram, Patricia Ryan, Edwin Shrake, M. R. Werner

Staff Writers: Roy Blount Jr., Jeanne[illegible] Bruce, Jule Campbell, Alice Higgins, Curry Kirkpatrick, Jerry Kirshenbaum, Barbara La Fontaine, Mark Mulvoy, Harold Peterson, Pat Putnam, William F. Reed, Larry Rumbaugh, Hugh D. Whall

Photography: [illegible] Boston, George J. Bhattacharjee, [illegible] Thomas Nandagopal, assistants: Boris Dirck Brindley, Moiz Ebrahim, Stoddard, Jean Dickenson, [illegible], Constantine, Leo Balkanian, Jerry Cooke, Larry Cranham, Ray De Carmo, James Drake, Walter Iooss Jr., Neil Leifer, Richard Meek, Herb Scharfman, Lou Schwadron, Art Shay, Shively & Tony Tomsic

Chief of Research: Marvin Hyman

Writer-Reporters: Peter Carry, Gay Flood, Pamela Knight, Ingrid Lyon, Marion Sharman, Brennan Warshaw, Sara Williamson

Reporters: Sarah Pileggi, Jane Gross, Elizabeth Kastner, John Lamb, Sylvia Lee, Ruth Lynch, Rose Mary Mechem, Judy Murphy, Skip Myslenski, Paula Phipps, Cynthia Ramsing, Denise Rogers, Dick Russell, Lee Sumrall, Sandy Underwood, Anna Versteeg, Constance Wilmot

Special Contributors: Myron Cope, Charles Goren, Graham Mitchell, Jack Nicklaus, George Plimpton, William F. Talbert

Production: [illegible] W. Finch (*Manager*), William Gallagher, Lincoln D. Regan, Kenneth Tomson, [illegible] Bonk, Barry DeMenezes (*Chief*), Joe Brennan, Roberta Dunn, Jaquelin Hegny, Dorothy Randall, Amelia Weiss

Administrative Assistant: Maureen Harr[illegible]

Art Department: Harvey Grim, Martin Sarhan, Timothy Thrasher, Brendan J. Murray (*Associate*), William Bennett, Gloria Palmer Smith, Christine Smith, Edward Sobel, Thomas Vick, Lamar

Special Correspondents: [illegible], Arlo W. Schardt, [illegible] Eleanor Morrison, *Albuquerque* Arch Satterfield, *Chicago* Joseph Reichler, *Atlanta* Jim Minter, *Central* Jimmy Ritchie, *Baltimore* Walter Ward, *Boise* Dan Hodges, *Bellingham* Dolly Connelly, *Boston* Lee Monahan, *Buffalo* Dick Johnston, *Canton* Lou Sleppy Jr., *Charlotte* Ronald Green, *Charlottesville* Hale Lamont, *Chicago* William Hill, *Cincinnati* Jim Schmidlein, *Cleveland*, Charles Heaton, *Columbus* Kays Koehler, *Dallas* Sarah Pettus, *Dayton* Bob Brown, *Des Moines* Bob Ashell, *Detroit* Lee Waldman, *Greensboro* Smith Barrier, *Harrisburg* John Isaacs, *Honolulu* Ted Kanne, *Houston* Dick Daugherty, *Indianapolis* Dick Denny, *Jacksonville* Bill Kastner, *Kansas City* Theodore Hratas, *Knoxville* Bob Byrd, *Las Vegas* Jim Bickle, *Lexington*, Danny Sam Hunt, *Little Rock* Terrell Denny, *Los Angeles* Jack Dillon, *Louisville* Larry Boyd, *Memphis* Charles Gallagher, *Miami* Edwin Pope, *Midwest* Jerry Bledsoe, *Minneapolis* Dick Cullum, *Nashville* Max Nicks, *New Orleans*, Peter Finney, *Oklahoma City*, Harold Sykes, *Omaha* Hollis Limpscher, *Palm Springs* Loraine Forbes, *Phoenix* Frank Connelly, *Pittsburgh* Libby Bearden, *Portland* John Wing, *Providence* John Hutton, *Roanoke* Bill Brill, *Salt Lake City* George Ferguson, *San Antonio* John James, *San Diego* Jack Murphy, *San Francisco* Art Rosenbaum, *Seattle* Emmett Watson, *South Bend* Joe Doyle, *Spartanburg* Leslie Timms III, *St. Louis* Bob Broeg, *St. Petersburg* Kirk Marston, *Syracuse* Bud Vanderveer, *Tampa* Bill McCardle, *Wash. D.C.* Campbell, *Wilmington*, Mason Ziel

Canada: Montreal, Arthur Siegel, *Ottawa* Tufton Beamish, *Toronto*, Rex Macleod, *Vancouver* Jim Wilmhurst

Time-Life News Service: [illegible] Murray J. [illegible], Edward Jackson

Editorial Services: Paul Welch (*Director*), Frederick L. Richards, Robert W. Boyd Jr., Peter Diaz, Margaret T. Fowler, George Karas, Daniel O'Neil

Publisher: J. Richard Munro

Associate Publisher: John D. Craugh II

Advertising Sales Director: Harry Stembridge Jr.

Circulation Director: Bernard LeSage

Promotion Director: Robert F. Fraley

Business Manager: Peter Hanson

RCA STEREO 8 TAPE CLUB

Spectacular Get-Acquainted Offer



03580

Take Any **5** STEREO 8 TAPE CARTRIDGES

for only **$6.95**

Worth up to $49.75 at regular Club prices!

You merely agree to buy as few as six more cartridges within a year at regular Club price from hundreds to be offered

Now Enjoy Great Tapes—at Great Savings!

NOW! Enjoy top Stereo 8 hits by top stars . . . at top savings! Choose from renowned labels RCA, Atco, Warner Bros.-7 Arts, Reprise, London, Atlantic, Mercury—in every music category. Look at these exclusive benefits:

- **Save NOW!** Choose FIVE tapes for only $6.95 (worth up to $49.75 at suggested manufacturer's list price . . . optional with dealers). After trial membership, get one tape of equal value FREE for every two you buy at regular Club price (usually $6.95). That's a 33⅓% average saving!
- **All tapes guaranteed!** Club's own Warranty unconditionally guarantees all tapes against defects for 1 full year after purchase, regardless of label.
- **Charge them!** Pay only after you receive tapes and are enjoying them!
- **Keep posted!** Monthly "Sound Track" brings news of over 100 Stereo 8 releases, featuring a Selection of the Month. If you want this tape, do nothing—it will be shipped automatically. If you want other tapes, or no tapes, indicate your choice on the Card provided, and return it by the date specified.
- **Send no money!** Choose 5 of 61 hits shown here, we'll bill you $6.95 plus small shipping charge later. You can cancel membership after accepting 6 more, or continue to enjoy savings of one-third for years to come, with no obligation to buy. Mail the right NOW to: RCA Stereo 8 Tape Club, P.O. Box 26B88, Lawrence, Ind. 46226

RCA

03542 03258 00202 03572 00267 00363 10084 03671 10523

03625 03316

03266 13358

10276 00309

03669 10625

03652 02318 03655 03346 00752

03480 10656 00243 03418 03512

03305 11349 03478 10235 03360

03660 03477 03590 03408 03381 03663 03654 03419 00048

03508 10280 03292 03500 13222 03558 00953 10319

03513 10113 12141 03481 03570 03412 03429 00311 03474



Credit Cards. Millions of Americans play with them every day.

Carte Blanche is one of the most popular. They handle a million or so transactions each week.

Wonder how Carte Blanche can keep track of them all? Addressograph supplied them with a system. Card embossing machines and thousands of imprinters that transfer customers' names and numbers from the cards to the sales checks.

It's fast and simple. And very accurate. So no mistake when billing time comes around.

Making credit cards practical is just one of Addressograph's talents. We also design practical systems for inventory control, computer input, check encoding, order writing, shipping, payroll and billing.

Could be it's in the cards that Addressograph can help you.

ADDRESSOGRAPH
helping people communicate

SCORECARD

ETERNAL VIGILANCE?

There were contrasting reactions to reports last week that a Federal investigation of illegal gambling had touched several prominent sports figures, notably a handful of professional football players. Anger, despair and cynical humor, because football was again playing footsie in the headlines with gamblers, were countered by protests that the players mentioned were being smeared, since they were merely expected to be called as witnesses, not as suspects.

But if they *were* suspects, what could they be suspected of? There are three possible offenses. One is bookmaking, which in most states is illegal when practiced by individuals but acceptable when practiced by states (as in horse racing). This was the offense that interested the Federal authorities in Detroit, but there was no indication that athletes were directly involved. Second is conspiracy to defraud, which would embrace any efforts of bookmakers or athletes to "fix" the results of a contest. This has been hinted at in leaks from Detroit, but so far not substantiated. Third is betting, though not betting *per se*, which is generally condoned in this country. But an athlete betting on an organized sport in which he participates is violating the rules of his sport, if not the law. Indeed, when a pro football player signs his contract he agrees not to bet or associate with known gamblers or criminal types. Such discipline is indispensable if a sport is to avoid the threat of "fixing," "dumping," or "shaving points" or, at the very least, of shaking the confidence of the fans who support the game. And here the suspicion has not been totally allayed.

Pro football has tried hard to police itself. Pete Rozelle's suspension of two NFL players for a full season half a dozen years ago is evidence of that, and so was the well-publicized furore over Joe Namath's ownership of a bar patronized by racket bums. Rozelle has said in the past that he was proud of the work done by his investigators in tracking down all rumors of misbehavior by players. But why didn't Rozelle's staff know about the current Federal investigation into gambling and the role pro football might have in it? The football commissioner revealed last week that apparently unfounded rumors more than a year ago had led to a thorough investigation (including a lie-detector test) of Len Dawson, the Kansas City quarterback, and that he had been completely cleared. Yet the commissioner admitted that he and his staff had not been aware of Dawson's admitted casual acquaintance with Donald (Dice) Dawson, a restaurateur whom the Government has arrested on gambling charges.

How thorough, in fact, are pro football's investigations? To be fair, how thorough can they be? Has Pete Rozelle been kidding himself?

NUMBERS GAME

Chena Gilstrap, the colorful athletic director of Arlington State in Texas, has a son who goes to the University of Texas. Chena's son received a high number in the draft lottery and, says his father, "When I visited him down in Austin, everyone was carrying signs saying WE'RE NO. 1. My kid was carrying one that said I'M NO. 326."

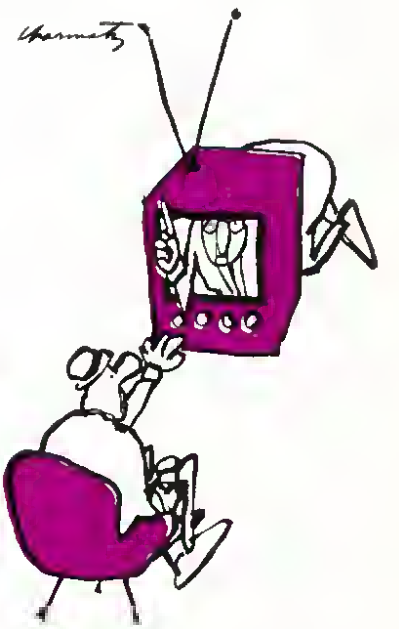
ALCINDOR GOLD

You may have felt that the Milwaukee Bucks were being terribly extravagant last spring when they signed Lew Alcindor to that sky-high bonus-salary deal, but early returns from Wisconsin indicate that it was the best investment Milwaukee Professional Sports and Services, Inc. ever made. Last year the Bucks had receipts of $593,800 for the 72-game season and an operating loss of $178,913. This year, halfway through their home schedule, the Bucks have receipts of $686,000, almost $100,000 better than they received for the previous full season. This figure does not include advance sales or season tickets for games still to be played. Nor does it anticipate income from postseason playoffs, which the Alcindor-led Bucks seem certain to get into.

Of course, the playoffs will present another problem. Milwaukee Arena is booked solidly through the playoff weeks, and the Bucks may end up playing their home games in Madison, 80 miles away. But who was to know?

DON'T TOUCH THAT DIAL

It appears that there was a bit of internecine strife in the press box at Pasadena during the Rose Bowl. NBC was televising the game and, as a courtesy, had installed a TV set in the press box. Three hours before the game began, early arrivals switched channels to CBS and sat back to watch the Cotton Bowl matchup between Texas and Notre Dame. All well and good until a man wearing a red NBC blazer came into the press box and expressed irritation and then anger that NBC's TV set should be tuned in to CBS. Someone explained that the Cotton Bowl game was of considerable interest



and importance, and since NBC didn't have a football game on at the time what difference did it make?

"I don't want CBS on," said the man in the red coat, and he stomped off. A few minutes later an NBC workman came in, switched the set to a quiz show on NBC and taped down the channel selector. He apologized, said he was only obeying orders and left.

continued

Let the unflappable Phoenix bird ease your flutter over finances.

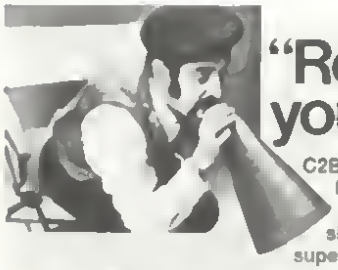


Phoenix announces a free financial service for people of moderate means. With the selection of securities, savings and insurance that's just right for you.

A team of specialists will map out an objective analysis of your financial needs and goals. The program is geared to men with $8,000 to $25,000 incomes. It's flexible and factual with risks and possible rewards clearly stated. No charge. No obligation. Write for full information to The Phoenix Equity Planning Corporation, One American Row, Hartford, Conn. 06115.

The Phoenix Companies

Available where we are licensed.

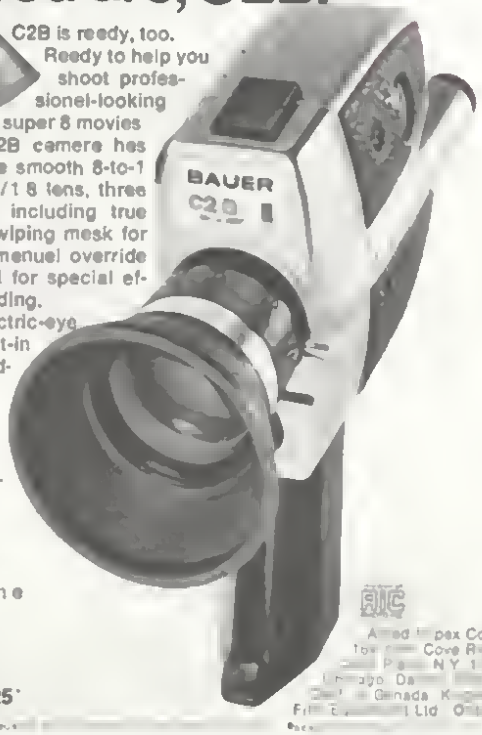


"Ready when you are, C2B."

C2B is ready, too. Ready to help you shoot professional-looking super 8 movies.

Because Bauer's C2B camera has professional features, like smooth 8-to-1 power zoom Schneider f/1.8 lens, three battery-powered speeds including true slow motion, automatic wiping mask for fade-ins and fade-outs, manual override of auto exposure control for special effects, bright reflex viewfinding, through-the-lens CdS electric-eye exposure control and built-in pistol grip for steady hand-held shots.

Ask your dealer to demonstrate the C2B and Bauer's seven other versatile cameras (including the exclusive, new C-Royal, the only super-8 that shoots lap dissolves) and two auto-threading projectors. They all put on a great show.



Bauer

From $50 to under $525.

Mission accomplished. Except that, before you could say "split wide to the right," the tape was circumvented, the dial was turned and everybody sat back again to watch Texas and Notre Dame on CBS.

Including, of course, the fellows in the NBC broadcasting booth.

CANADA IS HOT

Canada's startling decision to withdraw from the 1970 World Hockey Championship was prompted by the decision of the International Ice Hockey Federation to prohibit that country from using nine National Hockey League players on its national team. Since the World Hockey Championship is ostensibly an amateur competition and since NHL players are undeniably professional, at first glance the Canadians don't seem to have a skate to stand on. But they were upset, and understandably so, because the IIHF prohibition was a reversal of a ruling the same group had made last July which would have allowed Canada to use a certain number of professionals. (Canada had argued that she was badly handicapped in international competition because her best players are almost all in one level or another of professional hockey.) The July ruling of the IIHF was an attempt to be fair and realistic, since other leading hockey countries, notably Russia and Czechoslovakia, support year-round teams comprised of players who are amateur only in the technical sense.

But the technical sense is important, at least to Avery Brundage, the president of the International Olympic Committee, who warned that if professionals were used in the World Hockey Championship then all players taking part in the tournament might become ineligible for the Olympics. Thus, the IIHF reversal and Canada's angry withdrawal.

The decision to withdraw aroused widespread support at first in Canada, with most newspapers and sports personages and government officials applauding the move. Then some rethinking began, and the question was raised whether Canadian hockey had finessed itself out of the 1972 Olympics, since the team would not be participating in the pre-Olympic elimination tournaments. Further, the withdrawal may have seriously undermined Canada's bid for the 1976 Olympic Games.

So, Canada is in a spot. Maybe she would have been wiser to have stayed in the championship and simply blamed everything on Brundage.

CONSISTENT

During a recent sports gathering in Busch Stadium in St. Louis, some people in the Stadium Club looked down at the field where the baseball Cardinals and football Cardinals had proved so futile this year and noticed that workmen were trying to go ahead with the job of putting in AstroTurf despite the deterring presence of snow.

"Those fellows down on the field don't seem to know what they're doing," one man said. "So what's new?" said another. "That's the way it's been down there all year."

NOTES FOR AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY

He looked a bit less than in his "float like a butterfly" days, but there was no mistaking the loquacious tongue of Muhammad Ali last week as he announced his latest preoccupation—the writing of his memoirs. Fresh from a short run in a Broadway musical, Ali said he hoped to complete the book by 1971 and added that he expects it will "outdo all of 'em that have been written up to now."

Ali still feels he can outclass anybody in the ring, but he indicated that comeback plans are a doubtful proposition. In addition to the trouble of finding a locale that would accept him, he can't foresee any worthwhile challengers. "If I fought Joe Frazier," he said, "people would be booing at how I'd just play with him—and before the first round was over."

Then he said, "Boxing needs me, but I don't need it," and, financially, he has a point. Random House is paying a $200,000 advance on the autobiography, and Ali is already negotiating on the movie rights. He wants to play himself, and who can argue with that casting?

LOSING PROPOSITION

Because of a labor dispute, Santa Anita failed to open this winter for the first time in the handsome racetrack's history. An anticipated quick settlement failed to ensue and, as the strike dragged on and labor management-government negotiations bogged down, rumors began creeping around Southern California that the track might never open again. Insiders pointed out that racing does not provide all the earnings of Santa Anita Consolidated, the parent company, and added that some of the stockholders have indicated that they would just as soon abandon racing and turn the extremely valuable land into a housing and shopping-center complex.

That would be a tragedy, not just for sport, but for Southern California, where open areas for amusement and recreation and even quiet contemplation—as after a particularly rough day at the betting windows—are disappearing like melted snow.

BREAKING THE ICE

The Western Collegiate Hockey Association, once the sole home of college hockey outside the East and the source of some of the best collegiate hockey played in the U.S., may be in danger of falling apart. Four Big Ten teams—Wisconsin, Michigan, Michigan State and Minnesota—are bulwarks of the WCHA, but now the Big Ten is trying to form its own hockey conference. "We've been pushing for a Big Ten league," says Amo Bessone, coach at Michigan State. "Nine Big Ten schools are playing hockey, though right now only five [Ohio State is the fifth] are on a varsity basis. Iowa is the only one without hockey, but we could still have 10 teams because Notre Dame is interested in joining."

If things work out and a formal Big Ten league comes into being, the other WCHA powers—Michigan Tech, Denver, North Dakota and Colorado College—are going to be out in the cold.

THEY SAID IT

• Tony Curtis, actor, on why he gave up smoking: "I like to think of it in simple terms. Smoking shortens your life by eight years. I love watching pro football on television. If I smoke I'll miss 350 games."

• Johnny Dee, Notre Dame basketball coach, on Kentucky Coach Adolph Rupp's career record: "So Adolph has won 800 and some games. Five hundred of them have been against Southeastern Conference teams. That's like me going down to Texas with six kids from Canada and starting a hockey league."

• Jack Kraft, Villanova basketball coach, commenting on a star player fouling out with less than two minutes to go and Villanova losing: "That was the nail that broke the coffin's back." END



Jan van der Zee is the world's best tobacco blender.

We give him the world's best tobaccos to blend.

DOUWE EGBERTS

HOUSE BLEND

We've been producing the world's great tobacco mixtures since 1753. Now we have a new blend. A masterful blend of truly superb tobaccos. Because it is the best in the house, we call it our O.E.* HOUSE BLEND. You may enjoy the D.E. HOUSE BLEND in two versions — Regular and Aromatic. Both are in handsome tins. If you have been seeking an outstanding pipe tobacco, we suggest you try our HOUSE BLEND. It is sensibly priced at 70¢ a tin.

For the name of the store nearest you that purveys our HOUSE BLEND, write to Douwe Egberts, Inc., P.O. Box 472, Chatsworth, California 91311.

*Our full name is Douwe Egberts Tabaksmaatschappij. Quite a mouthful to pronounce, isn't it? That's all right.

You may call us D.E. Most of our friends do.



Hand Blended in Holland

Sports Illustrated
JANUARY 19, 1970

WHAM, BAM, STRAM!

In the Super Bowl the ingenious boss of the Kansas City Chiefs aimed a devastating machine at Minnesota, and Engineer Len Dawson used it to outhit, outmaneuver and eventually destroy the Vikings

by TEX MAULE

An unlikely-looking little man who favors red vests, checked trousers and infinite variety last Sunday put the art of invention back into football. Hank Stram, coach of the Kansas City Chiefs, threw some of his fanciest formations at the Minnesota Vikings in the Super Bowl and beat them for the championship of the football world by a humbling margin, 23-7.

Of course, Stram did not do this all by himself. His strategy was implemented by what must be recognized now as the finest team in pro football; that is what the winner of the Super Bowl is. The Chiefs' lines—on both offense and defense—gave the Purple People Eaters a world-champion case of indigestion. Len Dawson (*see cover*), who before this game was considered a rather namby-pamby type of quarterback, given to collapsing in a heap before any kind of rush, laced the famous charge of Minnesota's Four Norsemen coolly and threw with marvelous aim, completing 12 of 17 passes for 142 yards and a touchdown. And he threw only one interception. He sorted through the multiple options of the vastly complicated Stram offense as deftly as a computer and came up with the right call on almost every occasion.

Before the more than 80,000 spectators assembled in New Orleans under cloudy skies—there was a threat of a tornado—Stram explained a bit of his philosophy of football.

"This game will match the offense of the future against the offense of the past," he said. "The decade of the '60s was the decade of simplicity. During the '60s the good teams—the Green Bay Packers, for example—came out almost all the time in the same set and ran the play. In effect, what they said was here we come, see if you can stop us.

"Well, the '70s will be the decade of difference—different offensive sets, different defensive formations. What we try to do is to create a moment of hesitation, a moment of doubt in the defense.

"It will be a decade of experiment. I think football teams reflect the personality of coaches, and I like to think my personality is reflected in the variety of the Chiefs' attack and defense. I like to see Hank Stram in the stacked defense and the 18 different offensive sets we use and the 300 and something plays we can run off those sets."

There are only so many places you can run on a football field against any pro defense, and only so many ways you can run there, but Stram strives mightily to mask where his team will go and how it will arrive at the point of attack.

"Let's put it this way," he said. "It's always the same face, but with different makeup. And I'm a good makeup man with a complete set of tools." Between Stram and Dawson, the Chiefs showed Minnesota everything but mercy in this performance.

As much of the country saw for itself, the Vikings were never in the game. Kansas City began the scoring, ominously enough for Minnesota, with a record 48-yard field goal by Jan Stenerud. When he added another, from 32 yards out, and yet another, from the 25, the Vikings resembled anything but two-touchdown favorites. And when Frank Pitts picked up 19 yards to help set up the third goal on the kind of play nobody but Stram uses anymore—the old familiar end-around with some new KC quirks—Minnesota was bewitched, bothered and beginning to panic.

The Vikings fumbled Stenerud's kickoff after that third field goal, and the Chiefs struck quickly for a touchdown, little Mike Garrett carrying for the last five yards on a pretty piece of deceit by the KC line, which had the Viking defenders looking for a sweep as Garrett knifed through the left side of the line.

As the third quarter began, the Vikings woke up briefly and managed a 69-yard drive, Dave Osborn lunging acrobatically for four yards and a touchdown in typical Osborn fashion. With the score 16-7 Minnesota needed a touchdown and a field goal to go ahead—and had time to achieve them. But time ran out

continued

Kicker Stenerud and Holder Dawson watch flight of one of three first-half field goals that put Chiefs ahead and led ultimately (inset) to Hank Stram's triumphant ride.


3
16

on the Vikings when Kansas City scored its second touchdown. With the ball on the Viking 46, Dawson dropped back and fired short to Otis Taylor, who ran long—all the way in for the score. Taylor went into the end zone standing up, and the Chiefs were Superchiefs.

A key play in the scoring move was another of those end-arounds, for it got Dawson off a tough third-down spot at his own 32. It looked like a play that had been resurrected from the early 1920s, when quarterbacks in desperate straits now and then called the Statue of Liberty. In those days the quarterback dropped back, posed like Miss Liberty and an end circling behind him took the ball from his hand and lost 10 or 11 yards.

That is not quite the way the Chiefs run it. The first time Dawson called the "52 Go Reverse," as the Chiefs term it, Pitts swept right for those 19 yards. The second time, late in the second quarter, Pitts gained 11 yards and helped the Chiefs run the clock down just before the half.

The Chiefs had used the end-around only a couple of times during the AFL season, and without notable success. "One time we ran it for no gain," Pitts said. "Then we tried it against the Jets and it gained five yards. But we look at different coverage in the AFL. Our cornerbacks play bump and run with the wide receivers. They stay up close and hit the receiver as he crosses the line, then go with him. So they are playing up close to the line. You try the 52 Go on them and they are right there. And another thing, the fact that the Viking defensive ends—Carl Eller and Jim Marshall—were pinching, gave me running room outside."

On Sunday each of the plays was outside Eller's end. "Taylor got some great crack-back blocks on Eller," Pitts said.

Dawson asked Pitts to do the end-





Despondent Kapp suffered shoulder injury.

around for the third time, and his seven-yard carry gave the Chiefs a first down and the momentum to continue their last scoring thrust.

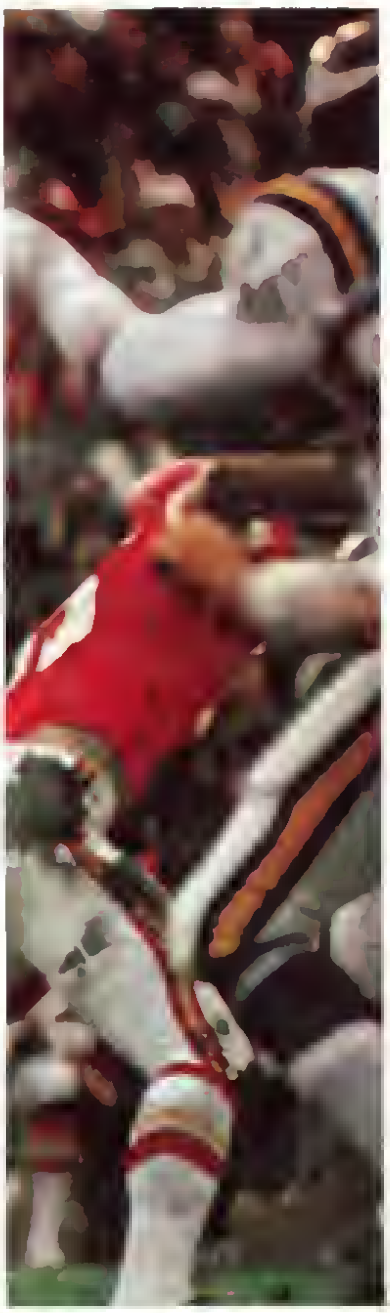
Earsell Mackbee, the Viking cornerback, hit Taylor as he caught Dawson's pass—and hurt his own shoulder. That's the kind of day it was for the Vikings. "I pinched a nerve," said Mackbee. "The arm went dead and I couldn't grab him; that's how he got away."

Taylor got away down the sideline and Karl Kassulke came across to try to block him out of bounds. Taylor gave him an inside fake, broke free, and that was that.

Jack Patera, who coaches the Viking defense, said after the game, "We were aware of all their sets. All we could do was try to help the defense recognize them and hope for the best. I don't know how much Kansas City hurt us and how much we hurt ourselves. I know we didn't play our game. We were more cautious, but that can come from their offense. The defense sets and adjusts mentally, then they reset and you have to figure which one they are in. We got into the Super Bowl playing aggressive defense, but we couldn't—or wouldn't—be aggressive in this game."

He had a sheaf of play cards un-

continued





The Chiefs' defense shut off the run. Here Buchanan and Culp (61) assault Bill Brown.

The Chiefs' offense (left) explodes like a starburst as well-protected Dawson uncorks a pass.


78
2

derneath his arm and he held them up.

"Against the teams we play in the NFL Sunday after Sunday we have a file that tells us their preferences and what they do best," he said. "Here's the Kansas City file. I can't tell you what they do best, because they do so many things and do all of them well. They hit the same hole but they hit it in different ways. The blocking may be basically the same, but the blocks come from a different angle."

On defense the Chiefs may not have been as esoteric, but they were equally effective. The Vikings had hoped they would be able to run the middle of the Chiefs' defense because they thought Mick Tingelhoff, their All-Pro center, could handle the Chiefs' middle linebacker, Willie Lanier, man to man. On running plays through the heart of a defensive line, the center usually cuts off the middle backer, sealing him away from the thrust of the run.

Tingelhoff never had a chance to block Lanier. The Chiefs had decided that if they were to win they would have to keep Quarterback Joe Kapp from rolling outside their flank on runs or passes—plays like the one in the NFL championship game in which he ran over Cleveland Linebacker Jim Houston and left him senseless—and force Kapp to remain in his pocket and throw the ball.

To keep Kapp confined, they played in what the pros call an odd line—a formation with a tackle nose to nose with the center. With either 6′ 7″, 275-pound Buck Buchanan or 6′1″, 265-pound Curly Culp eyeing him from inches away, Tingelhoff, who weighs 237, found himself totally occupied trying to keep either of them from destroying him. One or the other of the Viking guards had to search for the elusive Lanier, and neither found him often.

The Chiefs' odd line not only contained Kapp and kept him from drifting to either side, it shut off much of the violent Viking running game. Dave Osborn, who ran for 108 yards against the Browns, managed only 15 against the Chiefs. Kapp, who had 57 against Cleveland, got just nine on Sunday—and ultimately a bad case of the Aaron Browns. The Chiefs' huge end got to him in the fourth quarter and crunched him to the field. Exit the heretofore unbreakable Kapp, in pain, to be replaced by Gary Cuozzo.

Brown's opposite number, Jerry Mays, tormented Kapp, too, and later told how.

"It was a funny day on defense. We were in the stack over 90% of the time—with the linebackers stacked behind the line—and we never played it that much before. Minnesota's recognition was destroyed. Kapp would roll to the strong side when we were overshifted that way. We got the message the third or fourth time the Vikings got the ball and couldn't get a first down. We felt stronger and the pace quickened."

He turned to Lanier. "Honey Bear," he said, "how many times did we storm?"

"One time," Lanier said, grinning. "And they scored a touchdown on that one."

The fact that the Chiefs felt it necessary to blitz only once reflects the deep faith Stram and his assistants have in the efficacy of the big, mobile and tough Chiefs' defensive line.

They got to Kapp early in the game for a six-yard loss, and that inspired them. "We hadn't seen anyone get to him and we did it, bingo," Mays said.

"Kapp's a tough being," Mays continued. "Once I got in on him and he hit me on the helmet with his follow-through." Mays lifted up his helmet, which was cracked just over the earhole. "He didn't even feel it."

Kapp tried a few of the long passes that had been so successful against Cleveland, but with no success at all. James Marsalis, the extraordinarily competent rookie cornerback for the Chiefs, shut off a couple of them. "We knew they were long-ball conscious," Marsalis said. "The movies showed they like to go for the quick six, so our main concern was to cut that off. We played a lot of zone to do it. Gene Washington is smooth and he has a lot of speed and John Henderson isn't slow, either, but we have a lot of fast receivers in our league who have great moves, too. Guys like Don Maynard, George Sauer, Lance Alworth, Fred Biletnikoff."

He didn't say it, but you felt that he meant the AFL receivers had all of Henderson and Washington's speed with more polish.

"We got great pressure from the front four," Marsalis added, "which made the quarterback look for the short pass and get rid of it too soon. That always helps on interceptions."

Yes. The Chiefs intercepted Kapp twice and Cuozzo once, and there was a fine irony at one point in the fourth quarter in the contrasting fortunes of Kapp, the redoubtable runner, and Dawson, who never runs. Kapp began his disastrous encounter with Aaron Brown by rolling out desperately to his left in an effort to avoid him. Brown caught Kapp, pounced on him and then scrambled to his feet. Kapp struggled, rolling from his face to his back and lying still for a moment before getting up. He was obviously in severe pain; when he walked off the field—he would not return—he was hunched over, grimacing and holding his damaged left arm.

Later, when the Chiefs had the ball, Dawson, who moves gingerly on a knee that was hurt badly enough to keep him out of six games during the regular season, dropped back to pass. He found no one open, then, a la Kapp, ran to his left and gained 11 yards and a first down.

And so, in agony for the Vikings and delirium for the Chiefs, the old order changes. Next season both leagues will be realigned under the NFL umbrella and the Super Bowl will be a less emotional confrontation. You will recall that in the first Super Bowl the Packers beat the Chiefs 35–10. Stram used almost the same game plan for that game as he did for Sunday's.

"I was criticized then," said Stram. "Our defense wasn't that good then. But I don't have time to gloat now. I will just hold to my philosophy, and that includes winning with grace and style.

"On that long bus ride from Long Beach to Los Angeles for the first Super Bowl, the team was quiet and preoccupied. They were afraid of the game, of coming into the presence of greatness—the Green Bay Packers. They still respect the Packers, but today they were relaxed and easy and laughing on the way to the stadium."

The Packers had laughed at what they saw in some of the 1966 AFL game films—not at the Chiefs, but at some of the opposition. This time Stram and the Chiefs may have had a few chuckles themselves. **END**

Safety Johnny Robinson, who played despite torn rib cartilage, tells the world who's No. 1 after recovering a Minnesota fumble

BONNY YEAR FOR BUFFALO BOB

Little St. Bonaventure has big Bob Lanier. He may be worth a million to the pros, but right now he is the solidly based (shoe size 19) star of an undefeated team that is reaching for the NCAA title **by WILLIAM F. REED**

On the surface, at least, everything might look like business as usual at little St. Bonaventure University, way up there in the cold, snowy Allegheny foothills. The basketball team, the Bonnies, still warms up to the soulful sounds of Ramsey Lewis' *Wade in the Water*, and that giant Indian statue still glowers at everybody from the doorway of the campus beer hall, the Rathskeller. But then along comes Buffalo Bob Lanier in his king-sized sneakers, looking for a neat $1 million or so to play pro ball, and all of a sudden the Bonnies are landing hard on the toes of basketball teams all over the East. Not only were they unbeaten after their 10th game last weekend and ranked No. 4 nationally, their potential seemed almost limitless, mostly because of Lanier. Nobody in America, and that includes a lot of the pro teams, has a more talented or intimidating center than this fun-loving, friendly man-child whose most memorable dimension is neither his height (6′ 11″) nor his weight (265 pounds) but his feet.

"They're really size 19," says Lanier, "but sometimes I tell people they're size 30, just to get them off my back. Some of them believe me."



Biggest Indian of them all, Lanier is making fans forget home teams that won 99 straight.

The Bonnies took their act on the road to play Kent State University last Saturday night, and nobody could remember when so many people in Kent, Ohio had wanted to see a basketball game. Those who got in thought it was some great show, even though the home team lost to Bonaventure 94-65 after a game try. The final statistics showed Lanier with 15 of 26 shots from the floor, 42 points and 13 rebounds. Nobody kept track of his blocked shots, but they were sufficient to reduce the Kent offense to one hopelessly long jump shot after another. As a team the Bonnies shot 57.5%, and that was some club out there, right?

"Naw, we were terrible," groused Lanier afterward in the dressing room. "I mean, I don't care what they say, we just can't get up for a Kent State, especially with final exams coming up next week. We were lackadaisical. All we did was score enough to keep ahead."

Lanier was so bad that he even came in for a friendly tongue-lashing from Guard Billy Kalbaugh, his roommate and best friend for the last four years. Kalbaugh, at 5′ 10″ and maybe 150 pounds right out of the shower, could probably fit nicely into one of Lanier's shoes.

"That's the worst game I've seen you play in three years," said Kalbaugh. "I've never seen anybody block your shot, much less that guy out there. I almost kicked you in the butt."

The Bonnies work around Lanier, of course, but this is not to say that their fidgety young coach, Larry Weise, has put together a one-man team. There is, for instance, Paul Hoffman, a sophomore who wears glasses and looks studious just to fool people. He would hit you with a blackjack, if necessary, to get a basket.

And there is another sophomore, 6′ 5″ Matt Gantt, a good enough leaper that he sometimes jumps center in place of Lanier. He is surpassed in moves and quickness only by his buddy at the other for-

ward, 6' 3" junior Bubba Gary, a whippet with fast hands and a faster mouth.

Then, of course, there is Kalbaugh, who puts it together. He sets up the offense, runs the fast break, likes to fire an occasional one-hander from outside and will pass a few between his legs or behind his back if he isn't watched carefully. Mainly, though, his job is to get the ball to Lanier.

"I've never seen two kids whose talents complement each other like those two," says Weise. "Billy is a great passer and he looks for Bob all the time."

"I've made him," says Kalbaugh, smiling, "and he won't split his money with me. How's that for gratitude?"

Within the larger drama of St. Bonaventure's quest for a perfect season and an NCAA tournament bid is a smaller drama between Lanier and the warring pro leagues. After the Bonnies came home from their impressive sweep through the Holiday Festival in Madison Square Garden, Lanier got so many phone calls that he finally asked the St. Bonaventure switchboard not to give out the extension number in his dormitory, Devereux Hall. Most of the calls were either from people connected with the pros—scouts or agents—or from people wanting to ask about the pros. Which league did Lanier prefer, and how much money did he think he would get?

"We thought it was funny at first," said Kalbaugh. "We would wake up laughing every morning because there were always about 15 phone calls waiting for Bob. But then it got on our nerves."

Unless they can agree on some sort of merger or common draft before this college season ends, the NBA and ABA will go foolish head against foolish head after the top college players, and the bidding in Lanier's case—he is this year's only classic center prospect in the mold of a Chamberlain, Alcindor, Russell, Thurmond or Reed—could be the most insane of all. The deal most often mentioned is a round $1 million, but Lanier still does not believe he will get that much, which makes Kalbaugh laugh.

"Bob's got no conception of money," said Kalbaugh. "Why, the other day he found an old pair of pants in our room, ones that he hadn't worn for months, and he pulled $81 out of the pocket."

"I really haven't thought that much about it," says Lanier, adding, "When the time comes, I'll get me a lawyer."

If Lanier had his druthers, he would like to sign with his boyhood heroes, the Boston Celtics, who have sorely needed a big man ever since Russell retired last year. For that to happen, however, the Celtics would have to finish last in the NBA's Eastern Division, then win a coin flip against the West cellar-dweller to decide the No. 1 pick. More likely, the last-place teams will be Detroit and Seattle, and Lanier—if he is picked No. 1 or No. 2, as everyone thinks he will be—may not feel as hot about either of them as he does about the ABA team that probably will have his negotiating rights, the New York Nets. The Nets have some strong selling points: instant stardom, proximity to Lanier's home (Buffalo), a new fieldhouse, a bright new coach in Lou Carnesecca of St. John's and the lucrative benefits available in New York.

At lunch one day last week at The Castle, their favorite eating place near the Bonaventure campus, Lanier and Kalbaugh mulled over the options, as they often do. "I would like to stay in the East," said Lanier, "although I would like to see the West, too."

"We had a good time in New York during the tournament," said Kalbaugh.

"Yeah, it would be nice playing in New York," said Lanier. "That's pretty close to home, too."

"Where are the Celtics now?"

"Oh, man, that's been bothering me," said Lanier. "I see where the Celtics have slipped out of last place. Man, I hope Seattle doesn't need a big man."

As intriguing as this sort of speculation is, Lanier says his main concern these days is doing his best by the Bonnies. The school's record over his career is a marvelous 50-9, but the age of Lanier has been only bittersweet. Two years ago, when Buffalo Bob was an All-America sophomore, the Bonnies went 22-0 during the regular season and all the fans in Olean and Allegany were even more excited than they had been during the school's 99-game home-court winning streak earlier in the decade. But when they went up against North Carolina in the NCAA East Regional, the Bonnies were thrashed 91-72, a defeat of such demoralizing proportions that they were bombed again by Columbia in the consolation game.

"That team was slow, oh, man, were we slow," says Kalbaugh. "It's amazing that nobody found out until the end of the season how slow we were. But I said then that we would be back."



Lanier's long, long sneakers are no obstacle

Not during Lanier's junior year, though. Right before the start of the season, the NCAA charged Coach Weise with a minor recruiting violation and barred the team from tournaments for one year. Early on, the Bonnies were playing so purposelessly that they once lost four straight, and there was criticism, mostly about how fat and lazy Lanier looked. "I must admit, that made me mad," said Lanier. The Bonnies won 11 of their last 13 games.

Even with Lanier a lot trimmer and smarter after a summer at camp with his pal Willis Reed, the Bonnies were grossly overlooked before this season—but that lasted only until they met Duquesne at home in early December. With Lanier getting 29 points, Bonaventure almost ran the Dukes into the Allegheny River.

That was their most impressive game until the final of New York's Holiday Festival, when they unlit Rick's Rocket and pounded Purdue 91-75. While Mount was struggling for 19 points, Lanier hit 18 of 22 shots from the floor and scored 50 points.

Afterward, the old Celtic, Frank Ramsey, interviewed Lanier for TV.

"Are you going all the way?"

"Damn right," said Lanier.

Folks at home knew for sure the Bonnies were bittersweet no more. **END**

ANOTHER OPENING, ANOTHER TOUR

In Los Angeles, Billy Casper wins the first tournament of the 70s, and the PGA sets off into what everyone hopes is a brave new era **by DAN JENKINS**

As everybody knows, there is nothing wrong with the professional golf tour that Arnold Palmer can't cure by living forever. But as everybody may also know by now, another multimillion-dollar season got started last week at the L.A. Open in rather the same old way—with the crescendo of a Billy Casper yawn, the thrill of a Dave Stockton smile and the intriguing question of whether Hale Irwin was really Larry Mowry or Bill Brask Jr. or just exactly who?

The tour might have entered the 1970s in grander style had Palmer got the thing started the way he ended it in 1969, by winning Palmer victories have the knack of correcting all of the ills of spectator golf. And the scene was perfect for him. It was the L.A. Open, a tournament he had won a few times before. It was also a Hollywood-styled affair just up the road from where 20th Century-Fox's massive *Hello, Dolly!* set poked into the sky and where the gallery glittered with its usual array of actors whose names you can't quite remember and couples in matching his-and-hers neck braces.

Palmer excited the town and everyone out around Rancho Park by shooting a 67 in the first round and taking the headlines away from a group of tri-leaders that included Dave Hill of Hill's Angels, last year's third-leading money-winner and lowest stroke-average player (*opposite*). The world was quickly alerted that Arnold was going for his third win in a row because he had closed out 1969 by capturing the Heritage Classic and the Danny Thomas Diplomat tournament in Hollywood, Fla. back to back. In short time, however, Palmer fell into his old putting woes and got a hard case of the 72s, and the L.A. Open became that never-ending thing that constitutes most of the PGA tour, a vehicle for the Hale Irwins to battle it out with the Paul Harneys and Dave Stocktons and, if it's lucky, the Bill Caspers.

As it happens, L.A. got lucky. While Casper sat in the Rancho pressroom with his eight-under 276, Irwin was out on the back nine, dribbling away a two-stroke lead in the chill Southern California drizzle. On the 18th, still one up, he hit a shot into a tree, then tried to recover with an approach that left him 25 feet from the hole. His putt came up two feet short, and it was sudden death. Listening to all this on the pressroom radio, Casper observed, "Too bad. He's a nice guy." Then he stepped out in the wet and sank a five-foot birdie putt on the first playoff hole that slammed the door on nice guy Irwin.

Maybe it was the day or the fact that the Super Bowl had drained off most of the gallery, but whatever it was, hardly anybody seemed excited—not even Casper, whose $20,000 payday made him golf's second million-dollar winner, along with Palmer. And, suddenly, for all of the glamour of another opening of another show, Rancho Park was all the Tucsons, Hartfords and Pensacolas that had ever been played.

Just as suddenly the question might have occurred to some: does the L.A. Open signal the start of a new tour, or is it only another stop on a tour that has been going on steadily since Walter Hagen passed the hat?

As one looked fancifully into the future, one might imagine the big stories of the next few years: in a single season Bill Brask captures the U.S., British, Australian, Argentine, Japanese and Turkish opens, completing the first Global Slam. Joe Dey, the czar, announces a National PGA Match-Play Championship for assistant pros. Bruce Fleisher captures the Hattiesburg, Tallahassee, Newport News and Montgomery opens,



Winner Casper checks his scorecard on the way to sudden death with newcomer Hale Irwin

completing the first Satellite Slam. Frank Beard comes out of retirement to take the $500,000 Frick Museum Open and the $750,000 AFL-CIO Invitational and lead the tour in prize money and write another book. Joe Dey announces a National PGA Mixed Foursome Championship in which teams will consist of one exempt tournament player, one heavy-industry president, one country-western singer and one airline stewardess. Mark McCormack signs the President of the United States and refuses to let him attend a summit meeting because it conflicts with a pro-am. Arnold Palmer's *other* hip hurts. Frank Beard comes out of retirement again to take the $800,000 Bloomingdale Festival and the $900,000 Versailles Treaty Memorial. Joe Dey announces the National PGA Satellite Four-Ball. Mark McCormack signs Joe Dey.

Some of these fantasies aren't so far-fetched. Pro golf will definitely undergo some changes, and some of them have already begun. Although the tour faces fewer problems now than it did in the days when players and officials were constantly challenging each other to honed niblicks at 20 paces, there are always improvements to be made.

Guaranteeing names for a tournament sponsor, upgrading players, scheduling, providing a continuity for the long season—all of these are problems. But they are problems that can be solved pretty much to everyone's satisfaction, especially now that the PGA has Joe Dey and the "instant status," as Dave Marr called it, which the appointment of Dey guaranteed.

Dey has been awfully quiet in *continued*

THESE ARE GOLF'S 1969 WORLD CHAMPIONS

In his annual compendium, The World of Professional Golf, *attorney and players' representative Mark H. McCormack has added a couple of novel wrinkles to the annual race for the game's money-winning and low-stroke honors. By adding the figures from all rounds played in any consequential competition anywhere in the world—including television events—McCormack has established World Money and World Stroke Average leaders. The lists below, from the 1970 edition of the book, include all players who earned more than $60,000 or averaged fewer than 71.5 strokes per round in 1969. The figures show the narrowness of margin between victory and defeat in the money-winning derby. Only about half a stroke per round separates Don January (71.03) from Gary Player (70.49), but their winnings differ by almost $70,000. It is also possible to establish an efficiency rating based on these figures. By dividing total strokes into money earned, the not unlikely name of Gene Littler (sometimes known as The Machine) emerges as the man to whom each swing of a club means the most: $30 (vs. Frank Beard's $21).*

WORLD MONEY LIST

	PLAYER	WINNINGS
1	Frank Beard, U.S.	$186,993
2	Billy Casper, U.S.	170,501
3	Dave Hill, U.S.	163,323
4	Gene Littler, U.S.	160,092
5	Orville Moody, U.S.	151,683
6	Jack Nicklaus, U.S.	143,640
7	Gary Player, South Africa	140,384
8	Lee Trevino, U.S.	139,511
9	George Archer, U.S.	127,945
10	Bruce Crampton, Australia	124,155
11	Tommy Aaron, U.S.	122,732
12	Ray Floyd, U.S.	122,631
13	Miller Barber, U.S.	112,951
14	Dan Sikes, U.S.	109,853
15	Ken Sull, U.S.	107,514
16	Arnold Palmer, U.S.	105,128
17	Bruce Devlin, Australia	97,379
18	Dale Douglass, U.S.	96,737
19	Bob Lunn, U.S.	92,706
20	Bert Yancey, U.S.	92,156
21	Bob Charles, New Zealand	89,297
22	Tom Shaw, U.S.	88,332
23	Tom Weiskopf, U.S.	87,093
24	Deane Beman, U.S.	86,396
25	Bert Greene, U.S.	84,781
26	Charles Coody, U.S.	84,066
27	Dave Stockton, U.S.	80,707
28	Don January, U.S.	71,380
29	Gay Brewer, U.S.	69,567
30	Larry Ziegler, U.S.	65,571
31	Homero Blancas, U.S.	61,854
32	Bob Murphy, U.S.	61,489

WORLD STROKE AVERAGES

	PLAYER	ROUNDS	STROKES	AVERAGE
1	Dave Hill, U.S.	104	7,324	70.42
2	Gary Player, South Africa	89	6,274	70.49
3	Frank Beard, U.S.	126	8,897	70.61
4	Trevor Wilkes, South Africa	40	2,825	70.63
5	Bob Charles, New Zealand	125	8,833	70.66
6	Tommy Aaron, U.S.	119	8,417	70.73
7	Gene Littler, U.S.	77	5,449	70.77
8	Bruce Devlin, Australia	98	6,946	70.88
9	Bruce Crampton, Australia	110	7,801	70.92
10	Lee Trevino, U.S.	137	9,720	70.95
11	Don January, U.S.	88	6,251	71.03
12	Dan Sikes, U.S.	105	7,459	71.04
13	Arnold Palmer, U.S.	100	7,104	71.04
14	Billy Casper, U.S.	105	7,461	71.06
15	Jack Nicklaus, U.S.	93	6,609	71.06
16	Deane Beman, U.S.	102	7,261	71.19
17	Miller Barber, U.S.	126	8,974	71.22
18	Howie Johnson, U.S.	133	9,482	71.29
19	Frank Phillips, Australia	77	5,492	71.32
20	Cobie Legrange, South Africa	82	5,849	71.33
21	Chi Chi Rodriguez, U.S.	107	7,633	71.34
22	Dale Douglass, U.S.	136	9,702	71.34
23	Roberto de Vicenzo, Argentina	38	2,711	71.34
24	Homero Blancas, U.S.	106	7,653	71.35
25	Bert Yancey, U.S.	129	9,206	71.36
26	George Knudson, Canada	74	5,281	71.36
27	Billy Dunk, Australia	61	4,354	71.38
28	Hsieh Yung Yo, Formosa	36	2,570	71.39
29	Tom Weiskopf, U.S.	102	7,290	71.47
30	Gay Brewer, U.S.	101	7,219	71.48
31	Tommy Bolt, U.S.	42	3,002	71.48
32	Fred Marti, U.S.	111	7,936	71.50

© 1970 International Management Inc.

his new job for a year, but he has been quietly at work. Proof of this can be seen in a couple of ways. For example, the pros have long discussed changing the present arrangement that qualifies the year's top 60 money winners, in favor of a point system based on finishes. So in less than a year—a new world record for the PGA—Dey has instituted such a system. Without going into great detail, it will work like this: the winner of most events this year will get 120 points, second place 90, and so on down to one point for 70th place. PGA and U.S. Open champions get 25-point bonuses. The 60 leading point getters at the end of the year will automatically be exempt from qualifying the next year.

This plan will prevent a player from coasting a whole year on a big week or two, as some do now under the system that exempts all tournament winners. It will prove who the most consistent players are. Money? Everybody makes big money.

There are swarms of marvelous players now on the tour, and 1969 was a classic example of how the upstarts have little or no respect for their elders. Hale Irwins were thicker than cashmeres. Guys like Tommy Shaw, Jim Colbert, Bunky Henry, Larry Hinson, Larry Ziegler, Ken Still, Dale Douglass and Dick Lotz, not to forget Orville Moody, won tournaments for the first time, while the Palmers, Nicklauses and Caspers were doing whatever they were doing. For a while the big tour looked like a satellite tour.

Well, there are more of these young men on the way—the Grier Joneses and Bill Brasks—and what to do with them is a big problem. An open event usually has only 144 entries, and there are many invitationals like the Masters and Colonial and Houston that limit the field even further. Thus, there is the need for the so-called satellite tour to develop and expand.

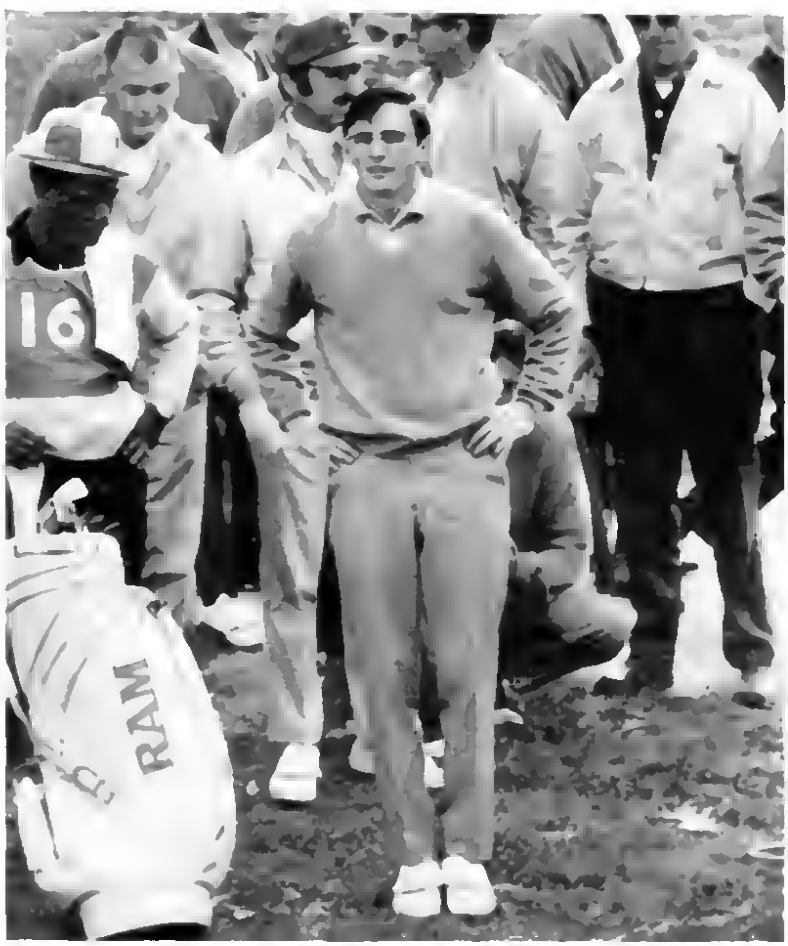
This year may find no fewer than 10 such tournaments backdropping the big scene, with a total purse of more than $300,000. The real tour, of course, has its $6.8 million dangling out there, but 300 thou is as much as the whole tour totaled 21 years ago, and therefore quite a handsome living can be made on the second-string circuit, if you don't mind grits.

Already scheduled are such events as the $12,000 Hope of Tomorrow (up against the Bob Hope Desert Classic), the $35,000 Florida Citrus Open Invitational (50 miles away from Orlando's $150,000 Citrus), the $35,000 Magnolia Classic in Hattiesburg, Miss. (for the Masters unwanted), the $50,000 Tallahassee Open (for those who didn't qualify for the Tournament of Champions), the $25,000 Kiwanis *Peninsula* Open at Newport News (for everybody who isn't in the Kemper) and the $25,000 West End Classic in the Bahamas (for the Danny Thomas dropouts). In addition, the PGA plans to announce satellite tournaments to be staged opposite such events as the PGA Championship, the National Four-Ball at Laurel Valley, either Colonial or Houston and the Heritage Classic at Hilton Head. What the PGA hopes, naturally, is to get some 20 to 30 of them going during the year. When this happens, there will then be, full-fledged, the two tours that the players have long argued were both needed and coming.

Barring a recession, the money will continue to increase because, for some mysterious reason that no one has ever been able to figure out, the list of sponsors who want to give away money is endless. Come this year, for instance, two more whopping big ones, the $300,000 Dow-Jones Open in New Jersey in late August and the $200,000 Kiwanis Open at Kiamesha Lake, N.Y. in late September. Comes also the National Four-Ball to Laurel Valley, Pa., a welcome revival seeking what it may have found: a permanent site on a good course with Palmer's name to dress it up. It's his neighborhood.

Pro golf needs as many different types of tournaments as it can develop without getting too gimmicky—such true classics as the Masters, U.S. Open, British Open and PGA, and also events like

continued



Dave Hill, the 1969 world stroke-average leader, studies an approach at L.A.'s Rancho Park.

GILLETTE INTRODUCES A NEW RAZOR BLADE. AND MORE.

PLATINUM-PLUS.

The Platinum-Plus blade is more than just a new razor blade. It's a totally new concept in shaving.

Its edge is harder than the best stainless. And more precise than any edge ever honed.

PLATINUM-PLUS WHAT?

The Platinum-Plus blade has a totally new platinum-chromium edge, exclusive with Gillette.

Neither platinum, by itself, nor chrome, by itself, is ideally suited for a cutting edge.



Relative hardness of new Gillette platinum alloy, stainless steel and chrome, as measured on the Diamond Hardness Tester

Platinum, the most precious of all metals, though relatively soft, is almost indestructible.

Chromium, on the other hand, isn't as chemically durable or as long-lived as platinum.

Combine them in the right proportions, however, and something remarkable happens. You get an alloy that's harder than either and more durable than both. A metal that's strong without being brittle. And one that's capable of being handled more precisely than the finest stainless steel.

THE PERFECT EDGE.

For some time, Gillette has known exactly how thick, how sharp, how precisely tapered a blade edge should be. But the perfect edge always escaped us. Because no metal was hard enough to hold an edge that had to be calibrated to within one-millionth of an inch.

Gillette Platinum-Plus can take such an edge. Consistently. Which means Platinum-Plus can give you a closer, more comfortable shave more consistently. Blade after blade after blade.

THE PERFECT SHAVE?

No two beards are alike. And no two faces are alike.



The end of the Great Compromise. Some guys will put up with anything to get a close shave. Others will settle for any kind of shave as long as it's comfortable. The new Platinum-Plus blade gives you the best of both.

We don't know how many shaves you'll get from the new Platinum-Plus blade. But whether it's four, or forty, they'll be better shaves (in every sense of the word) than you've ever enjoyed with any other blade.

More you cannot ask.



GILLETTE PLATINUM-PLUS.

THE BLADE YOU'VE ALWAYS WANTED. AND MORE.

©1969 The Gillette Co. Boston, Mass.

More people enjoy True than any other reduced tar and nicotine cigarette.



Shouldn't you?



America's best-selling, best-tasting reduced tar and nicotine brand.
12 mgs. tar; 0.7 mgs. nicotine.

Menthol, too.

© Lorillard 1970



In the distance, the monied hills of Beverly. Up close, a golfing army rims the fairway, seeking new generals for the 1970s.

the Crosby and Hope. The National Four-Ball, in which two-man teams (Palmer-Nicklaus, Trevino-Moody, for example) compete over 72 holes, will be another something different, and in a good time slot, the latter part of July—just after the British Open.

The National Four-Ball has a very real chance to become a classic on the order of the Big Four, and if the PGA also comes up with a national match-play championship, which it hopes to do, then the tour will have even another special week.

One thing the PGA is going to do with its annual championship, starting in 1971, is slip it in there ahead of the Masters in the month of March on a permanent basis and, like the Masters, on a permanent course, the PGA's own in Palm Beach Gardens, which is about two miles from Seminole by car and two light years from Seminole in class.

The logic in the move is that nothing can hurt or detract from the Masters anyhow, which is true. And a mid-March date will give the PGA a distinction, being the first of the Big Four, it has never had. Always it has been the last of the major championships, played in hot, dreary July or August, when a great many enthusiasts felt the golf season was over, at least emotionally.

All of these plans for the American tour do not say much for the global aspects that golf has taken on, and probably will take on in greater force. For one thing, this is because the U.S. tour is always going to be infinitely richer than that of any other area. Even with jets permitting a golfer to get anywhere in the world in the space of a meal and a movie, the touring pro is not all that adventurous or inquisitive. If he had his way, he really wouldn't go anywhere. He would sit in Dallas or Palm Springs and have Jack Tuthill mail him checks for dreaming up 274s.

Granted, splendid opportunities are taking shape in Britain and Australia and all over (the British are holding one this year with the thickest first-place purse of all, $60,000), but for now not many Americans are going to go darting around the globe when they can go to Milwaukee more easily, play for more money and get an American hamburger. They will go only when extracurricular business can be tied in, or when appearance money and expenses make it worthwhile. The British Open is different. It is established and marketable, a treasure to win. But the Argentine PGA might as well be Tallahassee.

There are those who believe that the gravest problem confronting tournament golf is the fact that there are only a few superstars, and they can't play every week. When they don't appear, goes this theory, a tournament loses so much glamour it is doomed. Every sponsor does, of course, want all of the names he can get. But it has been proved that Arnold Palmer's presence does not always save a tournament, and it has also been proved that his absence does not necessarily ruin one. Established events like the Colonial are going to draw no matter what, and attendance records have occasionally been broken without Palmer or Nicklaus. On the other hand, San Francisco failed miserably last fall, even though Palmer was there—to the point of cancelling for 1970.

Nevertheless, everybody would be happier if the PGA could guarantee every sponsor at least one or two Palmers, Nicklauses, Caspers or Gary Players. And this it pretty much does. Very often, Arnold or Jack or Billy have been told, "Hey, we're in trouble in Tucson. Could you go?" and they've gone.

The manufacturing of names will take care of itself, though not overnight. Palmer didn't happen overnight after Ben Hogan and Sam Snead had faded. A Grier Jones or Bill Brask, or whoever the big new names will be, will not happen quickly, either. But they will turn up. As Billy Casper was saying in L.A., "Somebody will always be a little hungrier, and he'll emerge."

This is true, of course. Golf's future has always been in the stomachs of the Hale Irwins. **END**

PART 4:
TELEVISION AND SPORT

by WILLIAM JOHNSON

TOWERING BABBLE AND (SOB) HEIDI

What goes on behind its crane and camars, mike and monitor, awitch and sockst as television brings Super Spectator his electronic sport, and sometimes a littis Swiss girl, too

The environment of a major remote sports telecast is, for the uninitiated, an intimidating and arcane place, one of those alien marvels of technology that impresses the senses but leaves no discernible improvement in one's ability to comprehend the magnitude of the miracle. Things like the control bridge of a nuclear submarine, the innards of a computer or the cockpit of a 707 have this same aura—vast complexity combined with virtual flawlessness. It leaves a run-of-the-mill imperfect human struggling in a sea of inferiority.

The routine feelings of awe generated by the presence of such faultless hardware are accentuated by the grand tension that builds as air time approaches, for you know that there are millions—*millions*—waiting out there for the transmission to begin. Thus you have overtones of an opening night, the old clammy-palms-in-the-wings suspense of show biz on top of all that mystic electric paraphernalia around you. Will the microwave relay transfer to the proper coaxial circuit? Will the technician on duty know how to reroute the picture if a tie connection or crosspoint breaks? Will the automatic repeater station and the auxiliary standby power fail at the same time? TV technicians love to talk as if they are constantly living on the outskirts of disaster. "All it takes, man, is a 15¢ fuse blows and we go black. . . ." They like to tell ghost stories about the dubious old days when their equipment broke down so often that their blackout placards—STAND BY PLEASE: BOXING—drew fan mail. They like to remember the 1952 Walcott-Charles heavyweight title fight that went off the air because a small boy stepped on a fusebox lever as he climbed a utility pole. Or the 1958 World Series that went black for five minutes because a kid with a .22 shot out a microwave relay in northern Wisconsin. Or the crazed moments during the 1958 Colt-Giant sudden-death playoff for the NFL title when maddened fans pulled a vital cable loose under Yankee Stadium and a flying wedge of burly NBC engineers had to charge the mob to get in and repair it (with the less to viewers of naught but one commercial).

Ah, but those things happened years ago. The transmission of TV sport has become a nicely machined part of the precision efficiency we now take for granted as a national institution. Seldom does the equipment fail. The refinements to improve televised sport are impressive indeed. Consider the advent of color to make the spectacles even more spectacular, of the slow-motion technique to accentuate the grace and power of our heroes, of the eye-popping lens that zooms in from a 40-mile-wide panoramic shot of a mountainside to an intimate view of the buckles on a ski boot, of video tape and instant replay and split screens and communications satellites.

The machinery of TV sport is magnificent, and it is used in quantities that shake the mind. CBS sends 20 cameras, 30 microphones, 8 trucks and 80 technicians to Augusta to televise the Masters; it costs a half million or so for five hours on TV. NBC sends 10 cameras and 60 technicians to do a World Series game. In the splashiest single sports remote yet accomplished, ABC spent $3 million to transmit the 17-day 1968 Olympic Games from Mexico City, a production outdone only by such momentous events as a President's funeral or a national election. There were 45 cameras, 250 technicians, eight control units and 95 microphones—including one eight feet from the Olympic torch that captured for the world the grand sizzle of the occasion. ABC approached its Olympic record at the 1969 U.S. Open in Houston with 24 cameras, 100 technicians, 75 mikes and untold forklift trucks, steel scaffolds and miles of thick black cable. The cost topped $250,000, and when the tournament was over a TV executive gazed at the enormous assemblage around him and said: "We haul all this to Texas and what do we get? Orville Moody. What a waste." Although these are among the largest single-telecast operations, CBS spends some $450,000 every Sunday to do its eight NFL games around the country. There is an endless caravan of television equipment and technicians crisscrossing the United States, the wandering minstrels of the 20th century.

Wondrous though the age of electronic technique may be, it still requires men to put real eyes behind the camera's eye. Thus, no matter how superb the circuitry or how nifty the transistor or how able the cable or how fine the line or how round the sound or how pretty-o the video, it is man who gives television both its perceptions and its personality. Yes, and once the human element has been let in, the antiseptic landscape of TV finally takes on some endearing features, for man injects the

capacity for imperfection. Famed in this fashion is the World Series cameraman who was focused beautifully on the flight of a high fly ball at Yankee Stadium when suddenly the director saw grass on his monitor, just grass. The cameraman, a sporting type, had brought his fielder's glove to the game that day and when he saw that ball coming he just naturally jumped up and . . . And there was the time during the telecast of a Chicago Cubs game when Announcer Jack Brickhouse watched his monitor in bafflement as a home-run ball soared up, up, up, up . . . The cameraman had a bird in his viewfinder instead of the ball.

Harry Coyle, NBC's senior sports director, who has done more than 1,500 major network telecasts, recalls with horror the Arkansas football game in which he asked a cameraman on loan from a local station to swing over for a shot of the quarterback. The camera swept about and stopped on an end. Surprised, Coyle mentioned the quarterback's number, but the cameraman misheard and landed on a guard. Coyle said, "I took a put it on the guy standing behind the line," and the monitor filled instantly with a shot of the fullback. Angered, Harry snapped into his intercom, "Get the damn quarterback . . . *the guy who handles the ball on every play!*" That did it. The cameraman focused beautifully on the referee.

Certainly, some of television's most daring plays and hairbreadth thrills take place off screen. Pan the camera for a moment to the Sunday evening of Nov. 17, 1968 and focus in on the circuits and channels of the National Broadcasting Company. It is a few seconds before 7 p.m. (E.S.T.). The New York Jets are squeezing out a 32-29 victory over the Oakland Raiders, and there is a mere 50 seconds left in the game when—*what's this? millions of good* red-eyed TV football fanatics suddenly find themselves gazing in befuddlement at a screen that has somehow emptied of professional football players. It is filled instead with a little Swiss girl and her old grandpa and . . . But the game? The *game!* In the time it took to do a commercial and cue in some little-Swiss-girl theme music the Raiders scored twice, the Jets lost 43-32 and the switchboard at NBC was



ANNUAL SPECTACLE at U.S. Open is ABC's camera platform dancing from a derrick

continued

overwhelmed with so many calls from enraged football fans that the entire Circle-7 exchange in Manhattan went *pinggg!* and gave up. The most monumental gaffe in the brief history of TV sports was on the books. Only now is the NBC grimace smoothing out to a reflective grin. Here is how *Heidi* happened.

In the gloaming of that November Sunday, as darkness fell over suburban Connecticut and lights went on in the homes of Carl Lindemann Jr., vice-president of NBC Sports, and Allan (Scotty) Connal, manager of NBC Sports programs, there was no inkling of the chaos to come. Scotty Connal, a gentle father of eight, had the sports-department duty that evening, which meant he was to monitor the telecast from a set at home and keep in touch with the NBC crew in Oakland should any problem arise. "Of course, we knew it would be bad if the game came up toward 7 o'clock," says Connal. "But I phoned Carl about 6:15 and we decided there was no strain—we had 45 minutes to go for the last quarter alone." Then about 6:40 Connal began to sense the birth of a crisis. "It was a terribly slow quarter," he recalls. "I phoned Carl again and said I thought we just might be heading for trouble. We have a policy that we never cut off a sports event until its conclusion, but we also must have a final O.K. to run overtime from Julian Goodman [NBC president]. The approval from Goodman is relayed to our New York control room. It's a simple routine. So Carl decided he'd better get Julian's approval just in case. Carl said he would take care of it."

Connal relaxed again, watching the game and watching the clock. Soon he was surrounded by all of his eight children; they trooped in to assemble before the set so they would be ready to watch *Heidi*. Connal saw the time was 6:55, then 6:57, and he was a little concerned because Lindemann had not called back. "Just to be safe, I dialed NBC in New York, and I got nothing at all. No ring, no busy signal, just dead air. Later I found out this was caused by a million angry mothers calling to ask if we were going to keep our dirty old football game on instead of starting *Heidi*. I hung up and a second later my phone rings and Carl tells me I should call New York and tell them Goodman has said the game must stay on until it is over."

Since Connal knew he couldn't raise New York, he told Lindemann to hang on one phone while he used another line to call the NBC control truck in Oakland. Connal quickly got through to Don Ellis, the producer of the show, and said to him: "Now, Don, listen to this and do not get it wrong. Repeat it after me. Julian Goodman says we are to continue the game to conclusion." Ellis repeated the message. Connal told him to pass the word along to the NBC studios in Burbank, Calif., and to have them pass it on to Broadcast Operations Control in New York. Ellis said he would.

Connal kept Ellis on one phone and Lindemann on the other, one on each ear, and leaned back to enjoy the rest of the game with his children. "Just for kicks, I told Don to put up the score on the screen," says Connal, "and then I told my kids, 'See? See how Daddy controls the network right in the palm of his hand?' " The time was now 6:59 plus. Suddenly Scotty Connal sat up very straight. All he had in the palm of his hand was sweat, because there was music issuing from his television set, the theme music to mark the end of the game! But the game had not ended. Scotty cried into the phone to Oakland, "What the hell's going on?" Lindemann bawled something at Connal in the other ear. And, faintly, Connal could hear the sounds of panic begin to build in the Oakland control truck—first a quizzical babble of conversation, then shouts, then louder shouts, then anguished shrieks from the assistant director: "Hey! They're counting us down! They're counting us off the air! They're counting us. . . . *We're off the air!*" Connal watched his screen, stunned—"Oh God"—a commercial rose up where the Jets and Raiders had been locked in battle. Then in his ear came a bellow from Don Ellis: "Scotty! Scotty! Oakland has just scored!"

"I died. I just died there in front of all my kids," Connal recalls. "If only Oakland hadn't scored—*twice*. If only the phone had worked. If. . . ."

What went wrong? It was absurdly simple: the message that Julian Goodman had okayed the game to conclusion was promptly and properly relayed into the Burbank studios, but when an assistant director there passed it on to New York (via a direct line), he said quite airily: "The guys in the truck at Oakland say we should keep the game on." Well, time was being measured in microseconds by then and NBC Broadcast Operations Control is not accustomed to mutilating high-priced, prime-time specials like *Heidi* on the say-so of "the guys in the truck." So they counted the Jets and Raiders off the air.

Perhaps the surprise is not so much that such high-tension pratfalls and human higgledy-piggledy occur in television as that they do not occur more often. This is a demanding, maddening world of split-second decision and instantaneous creativity, and it is booby-trapped with a hundred chances every show to make a humiliating and costly mistake. Constantly occupying the hottest chairs of all are the directors and producers. The distinction between the two differs from network to network but, put most simply, the director determines the specific views, shots, angles and special effects that actually appear on the screen, while the producer has the broader responsibility of monitoring the overall thematic content and flow of a program. The names of these MassCom heroes swarm by at the end of each telecast, and if you collect them for perhaps two weeks you will have almost the full Who's Who in TV production, for this is an astonishingly small band of men. A disparate breed, they combine something of the swagger of hot pilots, the intensity of avant-garde painters, the glib wit and restless mien of traveling salesmen. They are creatures of their medium, and if they hit upon a brilliant creative stroke at the peak of a crisis in a game, it is a thing of the instant, a bit of electronic lightning. Nothing they do is lasting. Their craft is like painting with smoke. There is no body of art or literature in television sport. No museums, no Halls of Fame. But the director and the producer are the eyes and the ears of Super Spectator. They contrive from their own sense of esthetics, reflexes and knowledge the television version of an event, and for millions that version *is* the event. Reality is only what appears on the tube. Anything the camera does not capture never happened.

A fair enough example of them all is Tony Verna, a top CBS director, the man who invented the isolated-camera techniques and, at 35, a well-respected member of this rare profession. You can get Tony Verna in focus as he comes to work at the Kentucky Derby in Louisville last May. He is tanned, his dark hair is long and curling at the neck and he looks splendid in fawn trousers, fawn turtle-

neck jersey, fawn-and-umber checked jacket and buckled shoes. He has flown in from Los Angeles 24 hours before, and he will be gone again in another 24. His life is one of violent transience—countless hours at 40,000 feet over Nebraska or West Virginia or Vienna, sipping ready-mix 11-to-1 martinis and eating ready-mix steak washed down with ready-mix table wine. He drops down for a span of perhaps six meals in one of dozens of different cities, and they all seem alike because he sees only the airports and hotel rooms and restaurants and stadiums. In this whirl of itineraries a disorientation sets in, a kind of place-and-time confusion that once led a crew of ABC's *Wide World of Sports* to search all over a Moscow airport for a Hertz rental counter. Verna logs 150,000 miles or so each year, home, when he sees it, is Malibu Beach.

But now Verna is at the Kentucky Derby in May 1969. This is his fifth time directing it, and he has 12 cameras, 30 microphones and 70 technicians scattered about the venerable acreage of Churchill Downs. The centerpiece of these MassCom components is five hulking vans, each bearing on its side the almighty sleepless CBS eye. They are packed with the fragile baggage needed for TV transmission, and one contains the control panel and monitors where Verna sits to direct the Derby telecast. The vans are placed like outsized shoe boxes around the track's brilliant flower beds. Thick cables curl among the flowers. Engineers toting portable cameras and announcers trailing mike wires tiptoe through the tulips. As usual, television is trying desperately to be unobtrusive, but the bulk and dazzle and complexity of it all make it a bit like having Moby Dick in the parlor: very visible and slightly fishy.

Verna settles down in his chair at the console board in the control truck to interpret and transmit the drama and brilliance of the Kentucky Derby for waiting millions. And here is a study in new surrealism if ever there was one. It is difficult to imagine anything more thoroughly isolated from the clash, crowd and color of a sporting event than the seat from which a TV sport director views the action. Verna claps a double headset over his ears, then faces a wall of a dozen small monitors, each flickering with a picture from some part of Churchill Downs. Once the van door thuds shut (giving off the fine suction sound of a hermetic seal), those tiny monitors are the only visible sign that there is other life on the planet.

But there is life. It shows on the monitors with pictures from Camera 1 and Camera 4 . . . the infield is teeming with people and the grandstand is jammed . . . sure, you can see it there on the monitor for Camera 7 . . . horses prancing into the paddock. Verna sits, a mike at his chin, chattering calmly to his troops, calling the camera shots, rolling the precut tapes. Yes, and there is a race—see it on the monitors for Camera 3 and 4—and now it is over. Verna is cutting in the isolated-camera coverage of the winner, Majestic Prince. In no more than the span of minutes, he reruns a detailed close-up of the entire race—in slow motion at that, followed by articulate commentary from the winning jockey, Bill Hartack. It is sound, even scintillating journalism that Verna and the CBS crew have contributed to the Derby. You'd almost think Tony Verna had been right there to see it in person.

Ironically, the image of TV sport most familiar to the public is the one created by announcers. It is ironic because most sensitive people inside the TV-sport business agree that announcing and commentary are easily the least advanced elements of the art. ABC Sports President Roone Arledge says, "Announcing is our weakest link." A CBS executive says: "Compared to the technological advancements we've made, our announcing is like having an old iron gargoyle stuck on the front of a new skyscraper."

The work of the TV sportscaster is an odd job indeed. It is neither art nor science, neither common labor nor honored profession. The sportscaster is not quite journalist or carnival barker or orator or interlocutor or master of ceremonies or trained seal. Yet he is all of them. Sportscasting is a dispiriting career, for a man is always doomed to displease. Inevitably, he will talk too much, too little, too loudly, too softly, too sharply, too blandly, too fully, too briefly, too knowingly, too naively. Name your poison and your friendly neighborhood sportscaster will deliver it to you sooner or later.

Over the years TV sportscasting has gone through a metamorphosis, although nothing at all curative. It once relied almost entirely on Golden Throats—professional announcers who spoke in magnificent pear shapes but knew little about athletic events. Then networks recruited the Wooden Throats—former athletes who sounded as if they were talking through a sweat sock but knew every Z-out and crossed T. Today the on-air fraternity has a cast of characters with scarcely anything in common except the desire to appear frequently in front of millions of people and speak for high pay. There is neither a norm nor a mean against which one can measure the variety of performances in the field. They range from the urbane pronouncements of Jack Whitaker to the benumbed labors of Frank Gifford, from the bass beauty of Chris Schenkel's voice uttering simplicities to the rasping blur of Lindsey Nelson's voice uttering banalities, from the sonorous pontifications of Ray Scott to the staccato machine-gunning of Jim McKay to the unabashed Yankee shilling of Phil Rizzuto to unctuous utterances by Bud Wilkinson to the hale heartiness of Tony Kubek to the crisp dryness of Curt Gowdy to the dyspeptic orchestrations of Howard Cosell. Take your choice. And there are dozens more.

If nothing else, it is a nice living. The average industrious TV sportscaster takes home $50,000 a year, and the really champion moneymakers do far better: Chris Schenkel is in the $250,000-a-year bracket, and Curt Gowdy probably makes $350,000 or so.

With that kind of income, they hardly need sympathy, but the life of a television sportscaster can be a feverish thing. To start with, he is the prisoner of the men in the control truck. What a director or a producer sees or says is what the announcer generally addresses himself to on the air. While grand spectacles unfold beneath his booth, the announcer watches the game almost entirely on a monitor. He doesn't dare call his game from what he sees happening on the field, because if a cameraman blows a shot he will be talking about something Super Spectator cannot see. The announcer is also besieged with a steady stream of notes, cards, scripts and fragments of paper passing beneath his nose—lead-ins to commercials, promotional messages for the network, statistics and background bits and scraps of peripheral interest and advice. He must read these as he speaks. Worst of all, while he is calling the game there is a con-

continued

tinuing murmur of advice, information and commands dinning into his ear from the intercom mikes of the producer or director. There is a plug stuck in the ear of every sportscaster. As he cries out in theatrical frenzy, "There goes Simpson across the 40, the 45, the 50!" that tiny button in his ear is alive with the low drone of a director's insistent voice: "Now, Curt baby, mention the crowd size after this run, then do the promo for next week's game and the Ernie Ford show. Then mention that Senator Fudd is sitting on the bench because we want to get a shot of him. . . ."

It is a harried, demanding, ludicrous way to earn a living. To make it worse, the announcer takes the rap as the single most irritating factor in all of TV sport. As Roone Arledge puts it: "Here the poor guy is, talking all during the performance. His voice just has to be annoying because it is an audible intrusion in what is essentially a visual experience. Then there are the enormously divergent levels of sports knowledge in an audience, one guy knows it all and he hates an announcer for belaboring the obvious, the other guy knows nothing and he's upset because he's not told enough."

All right. But there is a real question of substance in that eternal babbling brook of broadcast. Beyond the proliferation of inaccuracies or emphasis on the obvious or rattling dramatizations of patently boring events, there is a numbing tendency in sport telecasts toward the colorless, odorless, bloodless, hapless school of commentary. "The biggest problem with announcers," says Arledge, "is their paucity of viewpoint. The athletes everyone hired were good for their time. They could explain the fine points. But now I think we need more people who can bring some controversy, some personality and some definite opinion into TV sport. Of course, an announcer has to feel free to speak his mind. We've finally eliminated from our network contracts clauses that allowed outside approval of announcers by sponsors or owners or league officials—our guys are responsible to ABC alone. Too many announcers in this business are either hired by the ball clubs and don't dare be critical or they feel they'll be canned on general principle if they go around saying that a team is playing like clowns or an event is not exactly epic. They are always aware that they are being heard all over the world, and they don't want their images messed up by saying something that will hurt someone's feelings. Frankly, I wish there was a lot more bite in the whole business. There are damned few announcers working now who are willing to be abrasive. . . ."

Ah, yes, a reluctance to be abrasive, a need for more bite. Well, broach the subject of abrasiveness and bite with the man who is No. 1 on Roone Arledge's network, Chris Schenkel. Aged 44, a former 4-H Club member from Bippus, Ind., Schenkel began broadcasting sports when he was 16, and he now does everything from pro bowling to the Olympic Games. He is a personal pal of America's industrial captains and top athletes alike. He is cozy enough within the circles of Richard Nixon to have participated in a wee-hours bull session at Key Biscayne where Mr. Nixon reported that one of his lifelong ambitions was to be a sports announcer. His deep voice and diffident on-air manner have carried Schenkel to fame and fortune, but there is still a lot of Bippus showing in the sharp planes of his face and that careful Sta-Comb wave in his hair. He goes to big-city banquets at the Waldorf with America's richest men, all right, but he wears gold cufflinks cut in the shape of Indiana (a gift when he was named 1965's Hoosier of the Year).

What about being abrasive? What about bite? "If you are decent in what you say on the air and not too caustic people will want to invite you into their living rooms as a friend," says Schenkel. "I try to bring that attitude to my broadcasts. I don't try to impress people with how much I know. I don't use my voice to impress people. I would sit down and match my football knowledge with any expert in the business, but I don't think it's up to me to show off on the air."

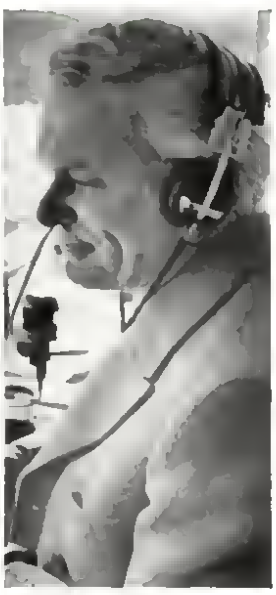
So Chris Schenkel hears no trumpets calling him to crusades. "I am a play-by-play announcer and nothing else," he says. "My biggest problem is that I talk too much. Even after all these years, I sometimes forget that silence is golden."

There was a time, Schenkel says, when he wondered if a career as a sportscaster was really a worthy way to spend his life. "Like anyone else I worried about whether I was contributing anything. But I happened to mention this once to a fellow Hoosier, an FBI man, and he said to me, 'Listen, Chris, if you can get just one youngster to consider a great athlete as his own personal hero, you've done as

THE GOLDEN THROATS OF SPORT—AND THE WOODEN,



DYSPEPTIC COSELL



URBANE WHITAKER



STACCATO McKAY

much as anyone and more than most.'"

Chris Schenkel says he has not again felt seriously troubled about his place in the patterns of mankind. Since he earns that quarter of a million a year and knows peace in his heart and Presidents, too, can one seriously blame him? Or blame who knows how many other envious announcers for being convinced that the bland way is the right way?

Now, with a flash of neo-electronic magic, a trick is to be performed. Using the wonders of the split screen, it is possible to do a simultaneous verbalcast from both behind and in front of television's tube. The event to be dissected is an absolutely routine presentation of sporting Americana to coast-to-coast Super Spectator. It is a relatively meaningless early-season NBC baseball *Game of the Week*. May 24, 1969, the Los Angeles Dodgers vs. St. Louis Cardinals. Three witnesses are involved. One is in the control truck outside Dodger Stadium with Sports Manager Scotty Connal, Lou Kusserow, producer of the game show, Dick Auerbach, producer of the pregame show, Harry Coyle, director, and a cast of half a dozen technicians. Another is in the broadcast booth above the field with Curt Gowdy, Tony Kubek and Mickey Mantle. The third is watching KQ-TV on a set in the Elks Club bar in St. Joseph, Mo. To set that scene, the Elks Club bar is a large room (60-by-30 feet) in the basement of the Rohidoux Hotel. It has buff-colored panels, a nicely stocked liquor larder and a color TV placed upon the top of a grand piano within easy view of bar stools and tables. The St. Joseph Elks Club was an arbitrary selection of venue, but St. Joe is considered a bastion of Cardinal fans. Besides that, on May 24 there was a regional convention of Shriners in town and it has long been considered a truism that there is no more loyal core of baseball fans than the kind of people who belong to an Elks Club or a Shriners' Temple. Here is a diary of what happened. Perhaps it is typical, perhaps not. Who knows?

9:30 a.m. to noon (P.D.T.) Harry Coyle does equipment checks with crew. Scotty Connal reminds crew for umpteenth time that if show isn't off by 7 p.m. (E.D.T.) for Huntley-Brinkley network news, "It's a slow Matson Line to Hawaii for all of us." Curt Gowdy arrives with red nose and cross look; he has a cold. Portly man with magnificent mustache arrives in announcers' booth, plunks huge suitcase onto floor, introduces himself as Allan Roth, NBC's baseball statistician. Suitcase is jammed with record books. Also a large Turkish towel. Roth explains, "I never go to a game without it. Announcers are always spilling their coffee on my papers." Tony Kubek and Mickey Mantle on hand now, too. Very cheerful pair, no red noses. Dick Auerbach, pregame producer, calls rehearsal of pregame show. Gowdy's timing awful, demeanor serene. Auerbach says, "Curtie, you're splendid." Mantle ducks head to inspect his baldness as shown on monitor nearby. Gowdy sits down in booth, puts on pair of sunglasses that have a broken frame. Gowdy tosses glasses aside, says, "Boy, this is the big leagues."

12:15: Forty-five minutes to show time. Tension in control truck, in broadcast booth. In St. Joseph Elks Club, TV is dark. No tension. No customers.

12:35. Milton Berle brings son to booth to meet Gowdy, Kubek. Berles leave. Dodger physician stops to inquire about Gowdy's cold. Physician leaves. NBC man brings Gowdy borrowed gold blazer to wear on air. Gowdy has brought only blue blazer which does not televise properly. NBC man leaves. Gowdy tries on borrowed blazer. Baggy fit. Could use big safety pin to hold shoulders back. This is big leagues.

12:50: In truck Producer Kusserow tells Coyle that singer of national anthem will stand in centerfield. Also says Dodger President Walter O'Malley is smitten with shrubs and flowers planted on hillsides beyond centerfield and would like NBC to mention them. Over intercom Kusserow tells Gowdy station breaks will be in fifth and seventh innings, Governor Reagan will be in crowd, Stan Musial will be honored by Dodgers, shrubbery will be mentioned.

12:55. Kubek, Mantle, Gowdy wait for opening. All very loose. Kubek and Mantle giggle. Kubek says to Mickey "O.K., Slick, let's kill 'em."

12:59. In truck, associate director shouts, "One minute to air, gentlemen. One minute." Auerbach relaxed about pregame show. It will last eight minutes, 10 seconds. Night before, Auerbach spent seven hours shooting, editing, polishing tapes. Auerbach says to Coyle, "There is no turning back, sinners!" Coyle grunts.

12:59½: Associate director cries, "Thirty seconds. O.K., girls, have a goody!" Kusserow lights cigarette. Associate director says, "Roll the bird!," listens to his headset, then says, "*The bird's up!*"

continued

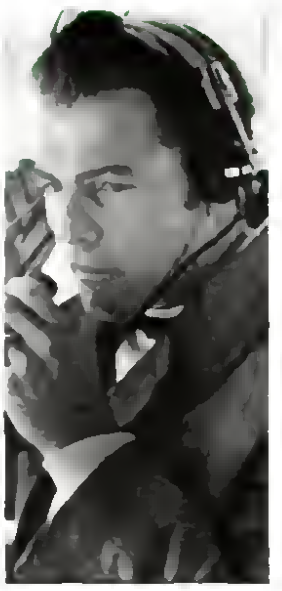
AND THE GRAVEL AND. . . .



IMPLISTIC SCHENKEL



BANAL NELSON



BENUMBED GIFFORD

1:01: Elks Club bartender turns on set. NBC peacock on screen . . . the bird is up. Gowdy hoves into view: "Hi, everybody!" Borrowed gold blazer fits fine on screen, red nose doesn't show, cold seems much better. This is big leagues.

1:02: Pregame show rolls nicely. Mantle relaxed, charming, knowledgeable. Scotty Connal says: "He's *so* good. I told him a little while ago that New York really likes his work. He's only done three games, but he's in."

1:03: At Elks Club it is 3:03 C.D.T. TV picture is clear, sound sharp, color stunning. Half a dozen fezzed Shriners at one table now. Two more stand at bar talking to bartender. No one looks at set except man planted on bar stool. He is middle-aged. Wrinkled gray suit, hat clamped low to ear tips, gold-rimmed spectacles, one-inch stub of spent cigar in hand. Pinned to lapel of suit is gay red tissue paper poppy (Memorial Day one week away). Call him Mr. Poppy.

1:05: Mr. Poppy gazes at TV set, pulls dog-eared copy of *TV Guide* from back pocket, studies day's fare—*Abbott & Costello Film Theater; The Chartroose Caboose, Up Tight; Gentle Ben*—decides *Game of the Week* best of all, returns *TV Guide* to back pocket, leans elbow on bar, puts cigar stub in ashtray. Mr. Poppy is Super Spectator.

1:15: Unaware program selected No. 1 at St. Joseph Elks Club, NBC crew hears strains of *Star-Spangled Banner*. Kusserow says, "I don't see the guy singing in centerfield." Coyle scans monitors. "There he is! Camera 4 get 'im!" Camera 4 monitor shows grass. Coyle says: "Up, 4. Up!" Anthem singer appears at twilight's last gleaming.

1:20: Cards' Lou Brock opens game with double. Kusserow talks into intercom: "You got Drysdale? You got Berle? Get 'em up to the interview booth." Coyle keeps up laconic directions over intercom to camera crew. "Four, tighten up shot. . . . Three, give me dugout. . . ." Voice like control-tower dispatcher; calm, dispassionate.

1:25: Cards out in first. Two new Shriners approach Elks Club bar. "Back again," one says to bartender. "Give us the same." Both turn backs to TV. Busboy wearing green sneakers enters room carrying table leaf. Drops it with awful crash. No one turns to look. Mr. Poppy gazes serenely, steadily at screen.

1:30: Coyle lights Omega Little Cigar, puffs, says, "Now we're getting some semblance of order." Hard to believe. Kusserow is muttering on intercom with Kubek about Berle interview ("Keep it short, dammit"), and Drysdale interview ("I want him to say everything he wants to say"). Dodgers go out, associate director shouts, "Roll commercial." Perspiring video technicians seated near monitors wonder aloud if air conditioning is working. Coyle sees Kubek and Drysdale on monitor, cries: "Get 'em back against the wall. We can see the top of the backdrop."



IN CABE OF THE WEEK CONTROL VAN, HARRY COYLE (CENTER) CALLS SHOTS TO ST. JOE

1:35: Kubek talks to Drysdale in interview booth. "Very nice," says Kusserow. "Very, very nice."

1:40: Old, old man, perhaps in 80s, shuffles into Elks Club, sits at table nearest TV set. Watches game. Bushoy watches too. Mr. Poppy too. In broadcast booth Curt Gowdy turns from mike and asks proper pronunciation of Governor Reagan's name—Ra*y*gan? Or Re*ee*gan? Very tanned man all in buttercup yellow (pants, shirt, ascot, shoes) suddenly appears at door to say, "Ra*y*gan," then vanishes not to be seen again.

1:46: Gowdy notes presence of Governor, says Reagan once was sportscaster, jokes that some sportscasters get to be governors, but he, Gowdy, couldn't be elected dogcatcher. Kubek nods vigorously at Gowdy. Gowdy informs world Kubek believes Gowdy could be elected dogcatcher. Old man in Elks Club yawns. Coyle curses technician for putting his hand near letters spelling out players' names on screen. "Dammit," says Coyle. Also other things.

1:50: Eighteen Shriners now in Elks Club. Noisy, fun-loving. One sits at bar facing TV. Mr. Poppy speaks first words of day: "Am I in your way?" Nope. Old man rises now from chair, yawns loudly, shuffles up to Mr. Poppy, says, "I'm leavin'. You tell me all about it." Kusserow says on intercom to Kubek: "Remember, keep Berle *short*."

1:55: Kubek interviews Berle. Forty seconds. Air of congratulations in control truck. Connal says he was director for Berle show in early '50s; this shortest time Milty ever on air. New record.

1:57: Berle follows Kubek from interview booth to broadcast booth. Will be no record today. Berle brings son Billy along; both wear Dodger caps. Billy, 7, bounds into booth, shouts at top of voice. Gowdy on air. Furious NBC man grabs little boy, looks wildly toward 50-foot drop over front of booth. Does not throw child out of booth. Milton says "*Shshshshshsh*."

1:58: Gowdy turns to find source of commotion, does not miss syllable of play-by-play. Billy says to Gowdy, "*Shshshshsh*." Gowdy laughs. Berle takes chair by Gowdy, Kubek's chair. No choice now: Curt reintroduces Milty to breathless audience.

2: Dodgers are rallying in third. Men on first, third, Willie Davis up. Two



CURT GOWDY WATCHES MONITOR, NOT PLAY

outs. Crowd yelling. Berle lights cigar, tells jokes, scowls when Billy tries to climb on lap. Gowdy continues running play-by-play. Billy tries for Milty's lap again. Berle shakes him, glares, pushes, hisses, "*Shut UP!*" Billy throws self on floor, sulks, kicks feet. Gowdy keeps up flawless play-by-play. Amazing.

2:03: Willie Davis hits into force out. Inning over. Score 0–0. In Elks Club, Mr. Poppy cranes to see over several women ordering drinks at bar. Women chatter. Busboy claps hands twice.

2:08: Women argue over who should pay for drinks. Mr. Poppy closes eyes. Women go to corner table. Berle and Billy leave NBC broadcast booth. Occupants grateful.

2:10: Harry Coyle has Walter O'Malley's hillside shrubs in focus. Kusserow tells Gowdy to talk about them. Curt reads list of plants: African daisies, ice plant, birds of paradise, gazania. Kubek says what's gazania? Gowdy says he always thought it was animal.

2:20: Mr. Poppy cleans gold-rimmed specs with handkerchief. Kusserow tells Gowdy to mention Dixieland band playing atop Dodger dugout. Gowdy scowls, snaps over intercom to Kusserow that he can't hear what Lou is saying because some damn band is playing on Dodger dugout.

2:30: Dodger's Sizemore on, steals second. Two out in fifth. Man in silk shirt enters Elks Club, asks Mr. Poppy who's playing, glances at set in nick of time to see Crawford double to score Sizemore. Dodgers 1, Cards 0. Silk Shirt orders Scotch, turns his back on TV.

2:50: Bottom of sixth. Cardinal Pitcher Torrez walks two. Control truck senses change of pitcher upcoming, chance for commercial. "Stand by," says associate director. Elks Club busboy says, "Take 'im out, Red. Take 'im out before it's too late!" Schoendienst removes Torrez. Kusserow replaces Torrez with Phillips Petroleum.

2:54: Two Dodgers on base. Tension terrific. Sudakis hits to left. Brock makes Herculean throw to plate. Dodgers' Tom Haller out! Crowd roars. Busboy leaps up, yells, "Out! Beautiful!"

2:55: In control truck, Harry Coyle calls for isolated-tape replay, close-up of dramatic play at home. Beautiful. Kusserow says, "That's one of the best shots this year, Harry." Coyle lights another Omega, says into intercom "Nice going, isolated. Nice going, video tape. Nice going, everybody."

3:01: New bartender at Elks Club. Moves mixing operation to end of bar nearest TV set. A fan.

3:04: Brock singles. Tension among NBC crew. If Brock steals second, it's 18th steal in 18 attempts. Coyle says: "Camera 5 you stay on Brock for the isolated. On the split screen, 2 you'll be on the left with the hitter, 3 you'll be on the right with Brock. We go full screen to 2 for a hit, full screen to 3 if he steals." Perfect. Brock steals while on split screen. Camera 3 zooms full-screen down the base path. Camera 5, in centerfield, gets tight shot, isolated, at second. Replay instantaneous, isolated superb, 18 for 18 for Brock. One for one for Coyle. At Elks Club, new bartender missed play mixing Scotch and water. Bushoy in men's room. Shriners talking. Women talking. Silk Shirt has back to screen. Only Mr. Poppy saw. He does not move. He does not blink. He does not speak. Fade. Camel commercial. Perfect.

3:10: Dodgers load bases, none out, crowd bellowing, last of seventh. Gowdy sips Coke, stretches, looks lazy, still blurts words with maximum drama. Wes Parker up. Mr. Poppy intent. Busboy, too. Bartender, too. Crucial moment.

3:13: Parker singles. Two Dodger runs score. Mr. Poppy blinks. Coyle orders shot of screaming Dodger crowd. "Shoot anywhere in the crowd, anywhere, just get the frenzy," he shouts. Frenzy picture comes on. Game out of Cards' reach. Bartender slams hand on bar. Bushoy rises, makes derisive gesture at TV. Woman's voice tells Elks Club, "Charlie, I never had so much fun in my life as that night, remember? There was you and Bob and Leo. . . ."

3:21: Dodgers score again. Double play ends seventh, 4–0. Chrysler commercial. Kubek hums, "Mr. Sandman . . ." Gowdy clears throat, blows nose. Audioman in control truck says, "Curt runs outta voice in the seventh and eighth, we got to pop him a little." Turns dial to pop Gowdy.

3:30: Shriners leave Elks Club. Women stay. Mr. Poppy stays. Game drags on. One more Dodger run. Mr. Poppy sees all.

3:34: Connal on phone with Broadcast Operations Control in New York, says, "Roger. We got to 3:43:40." Meaning at that instant, *Game of the Week* is off air if game is over. Sense of new tension builds among NBC crew now. Flight in New York leaves L.A. at 4:30. Next plane not until 10:30 p.m. red-eye special, arrival 6:30 a.m. New York. NBC now pulling hard for Cards to die fast in ninth to make 4:30 plane.

3:38: Brock goes out. Game over. Gowdy does hurried wrap-up. Coyle lights another Omega. Kusserow says, "Good show, let's go." Connal, Kusserow, Coyle, Kubek pile into waiting limousines, roar off toward airport and 4:30 flight.

3:45: Allan Roth packs statistics books and towel, no coffee spilled today. Gowdy stretches and groans. Mr. Poppy rises from bar stool for first time. Smiles thinly. Says softly to no one in particular, "That's all she wrote."

On that warm spring day in May of 1969, 10 million Americans sat down and watched a single baseball game: more people than saw the St. Louis Cardinals play from 1926 to 1946. They witnessed a complete production, courtesy of MassCom. Gowdy, 18-for-18, Raygan, Dixieland, petroleum, Berle, gold blazer, *Star-Spangled*, Mantle, gazania, Parker, 5–0, Chrysler and 3:43:40. Mr. Poppy never had it so good.

NEXT WEEK

The corporations that foot the bills, the people they hope to reach, where sport outsells "Bananas" and why fans should root for the GNP.



ODE ON A GRECIAN URGE

If the Olympics are a paean to our ancient Greek heritage, indoor track is a salute to central heating. Thus saith Arnold Roth, whose paintings (and captions) appear on this and the following pages. And, as Roth's work bears witness, indoor track ain't what it used to be. Once merely a regional idiosyncrasy, it is now a national affliction. As Roth says, there's hardly an arena in the land these winter nights which isn't the site of a spectacle that would have shattered many an ancient Greek, even though one might say that indoor track is an ode on a Grecian urge.

Competitors are cheered for on the basis of school of origin (above right). If one's own alma mater is not represented at the meet, cheers are based on region of origin. If one's own region is not represented one can make do with cheering one's self up by going out for a drink.

Awards are presented by a local beauty queen and some not-so-hot-looking former greats (right), while the losers are led away by their coaches. Emotion is strong in everyone's heart except the winners'. They are too busy gasping for breath to evince anything but collapse.


YALE





The newest indoor tracks are made of composition materials. This is unfortunate, since it may well destroy the romance—and the crippling effects—of the traditional board track.

Indoor track is precisely like outdoor track insofar as half the people involved are busily measuring times, heights, distances, etc., while the other half are just as busily attempting to invalidate every measurement that is made. Indoor track and outdoor track differ in that indoor is not so much an athletic contest as it is an exhibition of logistic ingenuity and organized confusion. Nowhere else do so many do so much for so few in so little space.

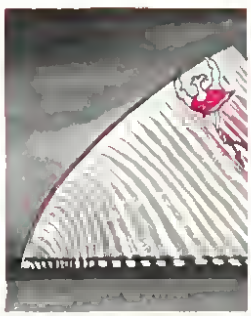




In the new enclosed



mammoth stadiums



such as the Astrodome



the meet seems



like an outdoor event

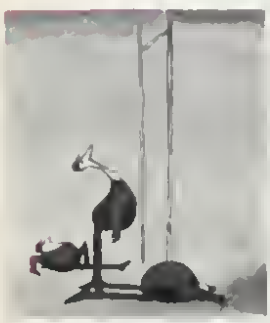


that is happening



in the wrong place . . .

Track is basically an outdoor, fair-weather sport. True fans agree to that but they still flock for the excitement that 83 laps to the quarter mile alone can produce.



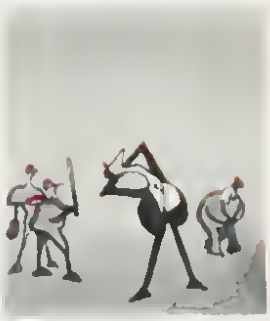
.. As athletes and officials



rely on their innate insensitivity



and natural ability to adapt,



the show goes on just as though



Because of overprogramming, distance races often run late. The athletes have been on the track long enough to claim squatters' rights. The officials have grown old. But the arena moves with the times and prepares for the hockey game scheduled for the night after the track meet by someone who, obviously, doesn't know much about track meets.



Most enclosed arenas were not designed with track in mind. Athletes are philosophical about it as they realize their events were not designed with enclosed arenas in mind.



everything is crystal clear



and one goal is uppermost—



setting new records



of some kind.



MY BABY IS CALLED THE KAHLAHNAH KOOGAHS

History's first regional franchise—which means that it plays a regular schedule in several 'home' cities—sprang from the brow of a Sports Illustrated writer two years ago. Its success may change the map of pro sport ***by FRANK DEFORD***

This is a story about my baby. I'm warning you—if you don't like people babbling on about their baby, push on, although I hope that you will at least pause long enough to examine the snapshots I have also provided. If you won't see for yourself, I will explain (at length) how handsome my baby is and how much bigger, stronger and smarter he is than other babies. Naturally, I expect him to grow up to become no less than champion of the world.

Actually, the baby is really not mine any longer. I put him up for adoption last year, and he was taken in by some people who were much more capable of providing for him than I was. They have nourished him and educated him and given him a name—Carolina Cougars, or Kahlahnah Koogahs, as the team is known in the loving vernacular.

The Carolina Cougars are the newest team in the American Basketball Association. More important, they are the first regional sports franchise in history, and they have enjoyed such an auspicious debut that their example is bound to cause repercussions through the whole of professional sport. The Cougars have



WHIPPING UP INTEREST—the Cougars send out a portable basket for the kids, and usherettes throw souvenirs to fans.

proved that a regional franchise—one that plays a regular schedule in several "home" cities—is not only interesting but downright practical. The team is outdrawing all but Indiana in the ABA as well as several NBA franchises, and it is making money, which is a claim very few one-town basketball franchises can make during the football season, if ever.

The reason I take more of a paternal than journalistic interest in these proceedings is that I originally outlined the thesis of the regional franchise—citing Carolina as a specific possibility—in the SPORTS ILLUSTRATED issue of Oct. 21, 1968. Briefly, I contended that the sports that schedule many games in a season—notably baseball and basketball—were expanding to the point of nationwide saturation. There were too many teams playing too many games, while scheduling was still based on the demographics of the 1890s, when the automobile and television were not factors and when concentrated population was found only in a few large "center" cities. I suggested that many franchises should be organized on a regional basis so that several cities share one team. There are any number of regional arrangements that can be constructed, but as a classic prototype I cited North Carolina, an area that could immediately embrace a regional franchise since there is no real conflict with other pro teams. The state has never had even a high minor league franchise in any sport.

This is deceiving, because the Tar Heel State is the 11th most populous in the nation, with more than five million residents. Like most Southern states, however, Carolina does not possess any single large city. Simple geography plus its early development—agrarian rather than industrial—conspired instead to create many small cities. Today these are all spaced comfortably along major highways, forming something of a triangle, with the largest three metropolitan centers—Charlotte, Greensboro and Raleigh—roughly at the points. There are other urban centers, making up a linear population pattern instead of the single-ringed metropolitan giant that is most often found elsewhere.

Now, while all this is significant, it is also a fact that virtually every town in North Carolina has a modern arena, and the whole state is batty over basketball. So, when I proposed it as the perfect area for a regional franchise, I was not just whistling *Dixie*. I was pretty sure I was playing with a stacked deck.

At about the time I wrote that article, a young man named Don DeJardin was in the market for angels. DeJardin, 33, a 6′ 2″ former West Point basketball captain, was working for Westinghouse, but he had served in 1967 as part-time director of player personnel for the ABA's first champion, the Pittsburgh Pipers. The experience encouraged DeJardin to get into the business of running an ABA team and, with characteristic military flair that he makes no effort to conceal behind a crew cut and West Point class ring—both vintage 1958—he sat down and formulated, over a two-month period, a detailed outline of how such a team should be organized. He met with about 25 different group and individual prospective owners, and in New York a member of one large group, Bob Gardner, allowed as how his cousin down in High Point, N.C., might also be interested in DeJardin's prospectus. The cousin was James Gardner, a former Congressman who had just lost a close election for governor of North Carolina. Only 37, Gardner is a millionaire by virtue of his hamburger stands, called Hardee's. Armed with copies of my article that Cousin Bob had sent him, Jim Gardner met with DeJardin, liked his proposal and introduced him to his partners, Bob Gorham and Leonard Rawls, two other successful young Rocky Mount businessmen.

They planned to go for an expansion franchise, but in January, when the Houston Mavericks caved in altogether, DeJardin advised that they were better off picking up this "distressed merchandise." He has since unloaded every player on that team, managing, in a series of trades, not only to acquire some Carolina players for local interest, but enough good players to make the Cougars a respectable playoff contender. Management of the team has fallen almost entirely to DeJardin, because hardly had the team been shifted to Caro-

continued

lina last spring when Gardner became *de facto* ABA commissioner. The two men worked together, though, to achieve their biggest goal—giving the state what it wanted, Bones McKinney as coach.

Born in Lowland, raised next door to Duke in Durham, educated at NC State and UNC, once the pastor of a Baptist church in Raleigh, coach at Wake Forest, director of rehabilitation for the state's prison system, TV commentator for ACC games, Bones is only less ubiquitous than tobacco and, perhaps, Hardee's hamburgers.

DeJardin traded for Doug Moe, a certified ABA star and former Tar Heel as well. He picked up Bob Verga, the ex-Duke hero; two local pro rookies, Gene Littles and Bill Bunting, and last month took Larry Miller and his large salary away from the Los Angeles Stars' budget. Miller, the handsome All-America from UNC, was one of the most popular athletes ever to play in Carolina. It was Bones, however, that every mother's son in the state knew, it was Bones they needed to make the Koogahs genuine Kahlahnah flesh and blood.

Bones has made speeches all over the state, carrying what DeJardin calls "the Cougar Message," and this in itself would fulfill his salary. But, starting with 7:15 a.m. training-camp workouts, Bones also whipped the chattels DeJardin provided him with into a .500 club. The main problem was at center, and the team went through more than a dozen pivot candidates before DeJardin obtained George Peeples from Indiana. Subsequently, the middle was strengthened even more when the Cougars signed 7' Rich Niemann after he was cut by the Boston Celtics.

The team still lacks all-round depth but is bound to remain a contender since opponents must play half their games against the Cougars before the wild Carolina fans. "Our boys have to play here," Bones says. "They got to play. They got to face these people afterward."

Bones himself has not mellowed at all. He used to employ a seat belt to keep him on the Wake Forest bench, but, relieved of that restriction now, he wanders far afield, hitching up his pants, jingling his change, pursing his lips, mopping his brow and exhorting his troops or castigating the officials with an arcane tongue. The ball, for instance, is a "'tater"; the ball game is a "jessie." Hence: "All right, we need that 'tater to get back in this jessie."

Recently in Raleigh, playing Los Angeles, Bones suddenly called to Verga, who was waiting for an opponent to shoot a foul at the far end of the court. "Boh!" Bones cried desperately. "Bob!" Everybody in the place stopped to listen as Verga, who never changes expression, turned to acknowledge his coach. The man at the foul line paused. The whole arena fell silent to accommodate Bones.

"Boh," Bones cried, pulling up his trousers. "Bob, you *can* git it." Verga nodded slightly. The next time down the court he broke loose on the Cougars' only uncontested breakaway of the game. How the message that achieved this was transmitted no man or beast knows.

A few games before, Bones had taken offense at an official's judgment. Being an ordained man of the cloth, Bones was restrained. "You are either a thief or incompetent," he quietly informed the referee.

"You're out of the game," the official replied.

"'Taint no need for that," Bones said. "Why?"

"Because you called me a thief."

"Oh, my goodness, no indeed. I gave you a choice," Bones said.

DeJardin made no effort to put out a dragnet for all ABA players who have come out of Carolina, because he appreciated that he would be even better off having a few come back as opposition. "Part of it all is a great sense of pride," he says. "These people think this is the best basketball state in the country, and they haven't liked it that they never before had a chance to see their players once they left college."

Carolinians have some basis for their claim. The Dixie Classic, for instance, was the fountainhead of the sport in the South, so enthralling a spectacle that Christmas—which preceded the Classic by a few days—became a mere excuse to exchange tickets. "That was the best part of Christmas," Cougar Trainer Tracey James recalls fondly.

The Classic was killed in 1961, a victim of the scandals, and while interest in basketball has never been so concentrated on one event again, it has not diminished but only become more diverse. Since students and privileged alumni are the lucky ones able to get in for the Big Four college games, there are plenty of anxious fans left outside. Little Davidson College proved this when it suddenly became a national power a few years ago and started packing the 11,666-seat Charlotte Coliseum with grateful townspeople. The Cougars may be falling heir to a whole state of fans who have been frustrated for so long in their efforts to obtain good tickets to their favorite sport. Peeples, the team's erudite center, was with the ABA's showcase franchise, Indiana, when it started two years ago. "Yes, I would say there's more enthusiasm here—and better crowds, too, if you want to check the figures—than Indiana had at this compa-



POPULAR TAR HEEL LARRY MILLER JOINED THE TEAM FOR A RECENT GAME WITH

rable stage in its first season," he says.

The scene is wildest in Raleigh, where North Carolina State, suddenly scared of the pros, reneged on an earlier promise and prohibited the Cougars from using Reynolds Coliseum (capacity 12,400), where the old Dixie Classic was played. The Cougars shifted to 7,500-seat Dorton Arena, where the frantic fans are smack on top of the action. Greensboro is next in excitement, Charlotte the most restrained. At each stop there are bands playing fight songs and Cougarettes rattling tambourines and leading cheers. Store-bought pennants and now homemade ones, too, are everywhere and a general good-natured chaos pervades almost every inch of the state, thanks to a 32-station Cougar radio network presided over by an intellectual rascal named Bill Currie.

"The Mouth of the South" (SI, Jan. 29, 1968), as he is called, Currie blends Gospel with more down-to-earth observations, so that Bones hustles home after some games to pick up a rebroadcast. "I got to know what Currie's saying 'bout me," he explains.

"Well, everybody's surely behaving improperly by big-city standards," Currie says. "Never having seen a sophisticated Yankee pro game, though, we are left to our own instincts, which means that everybody acts like this was a college or high school game and has a whole lot of fun."

So far, all three cities have average attendance above the break-even point of about 5,000 per game, but Raleigh leads with an average of 6,749, ahead of Greensboro with 5,837 and Charlotte with 5,074—a point DeJardin is not bashful about making in Charlotte. There has been only scattered resistance to the regional idea, and most problems are attributable to growing pains. DeJardin has so far failed to obtain a TV contract, but he says this is only because every offer is tied up with long-term options, and the Carolina future is too bright to be casually bartered. Indeed, in less than a year the Houston Mavericks franchise, perhaps the weakest in all of professional sport, has been transformed to a point where it is on the threshold of becoming one of the most valuable properties in the game and the fulcrum on which merger negotiations between the two pro leagues may turn.

The table is nearly all set. Billy Cunningham, UNC '65 and now a Philadelphia 76er, will be a Cougar no later than '71. He already owns a piece of a new Gardner enterprise, Lohsteer, and his wife, a local girl, has been house hunting in Greensboro. Gardner says he is ready to test the NBA reserve and or option clause and suit up Cunningham as a Cougar next year. In Baton Rouge, Pete Maravich of LSU has confided to friends that he wants to play for Carolina. He grew up in Raleigh, where he was the state's outstanding high school player. To accommodate this situation, the ABA has, officially or otherwise, given the Cougars Maravich's draft rights.

It is a good bet that next fall the Cougars will open with a lineup that includes Cunningham and Moe in the front court with Peeples or Niemann, and Maravich and Verga at guard, with Miller as a swingman. It is lucky that the Greensboro Coliseum is being expanded to 16,500, for that many seats will probably be needed for the Carolinians who want to see such a team.

Obviously, a great deal of the Carolina success story is in no way related to the fact that it happens to be a regional franchise. Nevertheless, where it is possible to isolate the regional factor, the evidence indicates that it is a powerful contributor. The NBA is determined to expand next season. The ABA is considering adding one more team. The Carolina success should encourage an examination by both leagues of regional possibilities. Virginia, with new arenas across the state in Norfolk, Richmond and Roanoke, offers the closest parallel to Carolina. Upstate New York—Buffalo, Rochester, Syracuse—has smaller stadiums but more tradition. And the next big step must be a franchise encompassing cities farther apart, such as Kansas City-Omaha-Des Moines. Finally, what should certainly come is a joining of existing franchises: San Francisco-Oakland, Washington-Baltimore, Cleveland-Cincinnati.

Last year I blew all this smoke as a dreamy theorist. Now I am a hardheaded advocate. I have seen Carolina, and it works. END





DALLAS, WHILE BONES McKINNEY PROWLED THE SIDELINES AS OF OLD, SCREAMING ORDERS, AND THE COUGARETTES CAVORTED

Colette Flesch has become the first woman to be elected mayor of Luxembourg City, the capital of the Grand Duchy. She was born there but graduated from Wellesley, studied at Harvard and received her M.A. from the Fletcher School of Law and Diplomacy. Eight times the national fencing champion of Luxembourg, Miss Flesch competed in the Rome, Tokyo and Mexico Olympics and is remembered at Wellesley as a golfer, skier and tennis player. "It's only in fencing that I was a champion," she observes, "because I loved that sport very much. But I am going to concentrate only on playing golf, because it adapts better to my working hours." In addition to the mayoralty itself Miss Flesch will also hold the positions of deputy in the National Chamber [Parliament], Luxembourg's representative to the European Parliament, secretary general of the Luxembourg Olympic Committee and secretary general of the Luxembourg Fencing Federation. With the working hours those jobs promise, Miss Flesch can use all the adaptability she can get.

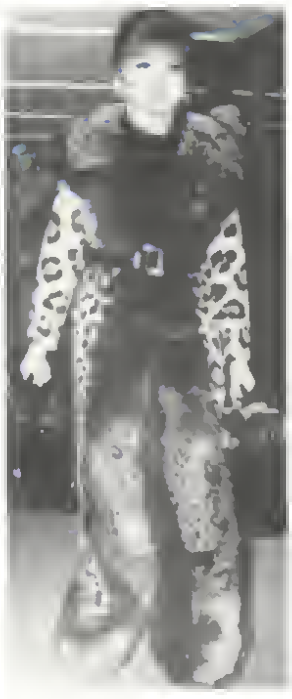
◆



Ken Harrelson announced in Boston that he had been offered a choice of roles in a film called *Moolah*. "They convinced me I had the style to be an actor but I don't know," he said, with unwonted modesty. "The only time I ever acted in my life was when I was 6 years old. I played a Kentucky colonel in a school play." As for the roles he is up for now, he says, "I don't know which I'll take yet. One is a hard-nosed cop, the way it's described to me. Anything I'm involved in," he observed, "has something to do with a nose."

◆ **Ted Heath**, leader of Britain's opposition Tory party, skippered his 33.7-foot sloop, *Morning Cloud*, to victory on corrected time in the 640-mile Sydney to Hobart race—a real triumph for the 53-year-old politician, whose experience until last year was limited almost entirely to 16-foot dinghies. "Exhilarating!" was Heath's word for it all, and *The Guardian* noted that his P.R. man might be pretty exhilarated, too. "Success in the leather-necked world of Australian ocean-racing," the paper pointed out, "provides his public relations advisor with excellent material to leaven the somewhat heavy weight of organ-playing and choir-conducting his political image has previously contained."

Pam Eldred, Miss America, is a Detroit Red Wing fan who attended every home game last season. This season she got to feeling pretty terrible about **Alex Delvecchio**, who had played his first 30 games without scoring a goal, so Pam decided to lend him the tiny crown-shaped pin she had worn when *she* scored in Atlantic City. Delvecchio pinned it to his suspenders and returned it with thanks after finally getting two goals against Boston. Unfortunately he will never know whether it was Miss America's pin that did the job or the Tabasco sauce an usher had sprayed on his stick before the game.



◆ "The coats keep you warm," a miffed **Gina Lollobrigida** was quoted as saying of her seven new furs, but if Gina is warm the World Wildlife Fund is hot. Five of the actress' coats are maxis, two of them made from the pelts of animals on the list of endangered species—tigers and lynx—and a spokesman for the fund declared that its leaders were "horrified. We estimate that she has the skins of 250 animals. It must have taken 10 tigers to make that tiger maxi [alone]." "What can I do?" wailed Miss Lollobrigida. "The tigers in my coat were already dead. If I don't buy the coats somebody else will. Might as well stop killing chickens for meat. It's the same thing."

Saul Silberman, president of Tropical Park, flew to Nassau on a recent Saturday for the opening of his new track, Hobby Horse Hall, flew back to Miami for the last race at Tropical and then went home to watch a little television. He was tired enough by 10 p.m. to go to bed, but it turned out that his day wasn't quite over. At 11:30 he was awakened by a masked intruder who told him cheerfully, "We don't want to hurt you, except financially." Then he and a companion bound Silberman and his wife and made off with about $5,000 in cash and valuables. This didn't hurt Silberman financially to the point of making him give up his annual ritual of handing out $2,100 to steady Tropical customers, but it was $7,000 gone in three days. Then he put down $300 on Sticky Jim in the third. The horse paid $54.50, and Silberman picked up $7,860. Easy go, easy come.

John Masefield, the late British poet laureate, is best remembered for the poem that begins, "I must go down to the seas again, to the lonely sea and the sky, / And all I ask is a tall ship and a star to steer her by," etc. etc. Now the truth is out. *The New York Times* has reprinted a letter from Masefield to a friend in which he confesses to seasickness. "3 hours in a sea-sick steamer, & after being heartily sick, I'll have to speak 3 times, & then he sick coming home," he wrote. Perhaps the answer has been there all along. When Masefield entitled his poem *Sea-Fever* he meant it literally.



WHEN IT SNOWS IN JACK DANIEL HOLLOW we hand-feed our ducks. Nothing else changes much.

The water in our cave spring still flows at 56°. Our Moore County neighbors still bring us fine grain. Our whiskey ages in the same gentle way and we make as much Jack Daniel's as when it is warm. You see, making good whiskey doesn't depend on good weather. What it calls for is time and patience. And, we believe, we have plenty of both here at Jack Daniel Distillery.



CHARCOAL MELLOWED
DROP
BY DROP

© 1969 Jack Daniel Distillery, Lem Motlow Prop. Inc.

TENNESSEE WHISKEY • 90 PROOF BY CHOICE • DISTILLED AND BOTTLED BY JACK DANIEL DISTILLERY • LYNCHBURG (POP. 384), TENN.

An ex-doughboy who can shoot with the best

Ralph Simpson is a gifted sophomore on an otherwise mediocre Michigan State team. He lives basketball and, scoring 30 points a game, he probably is the best rookie in the country today **by JOE JARES**

When there is a gifted child in the family—a harpsichord prodigy or a preteen nuclear physicist—the parents have the tricky task of helping him to develop his talents fully while taking care that the other kids in the house don't feel like orphans. That is what it is like to have Ralph Simpson on the basketball team at Michigan State.

Simpson is a 19-year-old sophomore from Detroit who has played in 11 varsity games, has led the team in scoring in every one and already has earned more rave reviews than a Neil Simon play.

The team itself is just plain family. Michigan State has no height and, save for Simpson, its talent is average. Even with Simpson, its record is 5-6. Simpson is only 6' 4½", yet he is the best rebounder (he had 20 against Bradley) and jumps center at the start of each half. In the latest NCAA statistics he was eighth in the nation in scoring (30.6 a game). It is all rookie Head Coach Gus Ganakas, who took over after John Benington's fatal heart attack last fall, can do to make the others feel loved.

Simpson is a rare experience for the Spartans. They have had 44 football All-Americas but only three in basketball. Whenever Football Coach Duffy Daugherty passes Simpson on campus, he says, "Spring practice starts April 16th. I need a wide receiver."

It is unlikely that Daugherty will steal him away, because Ganakas and his assistants have had almost a death grip on Simpson the past three years. One or the other of them saw every game he played as a high school senior, and they acted as bodyguards when he went to Pittsburgh for the big Dapper Dan High School All-Star Game. The recruiting effort was worth it, because Simpson is something special when he has a basketball in his hands or when he is near one and wants to get it. He has always been that way.

"I remember when Ralph was 13," says his father, Ralph Sr., who played a lot of basketball himself. "I got home one day, and he said, 'Come on out, I've got something to show you.' He had started dunking the ball." Today the gifted child can palm two basketballs and dunk them both in one leap.

Ralph Jr. wanted to play at Detroit's Pershing High under Will Robinson but was able to only after his father had bought a house in the Pershing district. "That took some scuffling with the FHA," says Ralph Sr., "because my credit wasn't good enough, but some people supported me, and they finally decided I was a good risk."

In Simpson's junior year the Pershing Doughboys won the state championship, with Simpson scoring 43 points in the final game against Flint Central. Most of the time that season, though, he fed passes to a big transplanted Mississippian named Spencer Haywood. The Doughboys were loaded.

The next season, without Haywood, Pershing had a 15-2 record, and Simpson averaged 32 points a game, played one-on-one with Dave Bing of the Detroit Pistons at Bing's summer camp and declined an invitation to become the only high school boy trying out for the Olympic team. He was a much better student than Haywood, and colleges all over the country were after him. He says he chose Michigan State because he had been a Spartan fan since childhood and liked John Benington.

Simpson's showcase at State is dusty old Jenison Field House, a big barn with a pre-World War II portable floor that is so thin it cannot be sanded anymore. An $11 million Events Building is planned, but Simpson probably will have graduated to the pros by the time it is ready.

Jenison was jammed to capacity last Saturday night when Michigan State returned home after eight straight road games to meet Northwestern, an equally mediocre team. On the road, Simpson had scored 42 against Western Michigan, 40 against Oregon and 34 against Indiana, and the students were anxious to see him try to beat the Jenison scoring mark: 48.

He is almost sure to get the record before this season is over, but Northwestern was not to be the victim. The Spartans started beautifully, blew a fat 20-point lead and battled back to win 98-93 and improve their Big Ten record to 2-0. For Simpson, it was a so-so game—30 points and 16 rebounds—as he hurried some of his shots and took some others from the balcony. It was obvious that when he becomes more patient and his teammates learn to use him more effectively he will scatter his name all over the MSU record book.

"One of these days," said Ganakas, shaking his head, "he's going to shoot one before he comes over the half-court line. But he puts those babies in sometimes."

Simpson cannot get enough of basketball. To improve from his mere 30-point average, he spends much of his spare time in MSU's intramural gym playing against whoever happens along, or corresponding with ex-Coach Joe Lapchick, one of the original Celtics. On a questionnaire he filled out for the school's sports publicity office, in the space for church affiliation, he wrote, "Basketball." He probably meant "Baptist," but then maybe not.

THE WEEK

by PETER CARRY

EAST The Atlantic Coast Conference's schedulemakers made North Carolina face the music last week. By the time the Tar Heels were finished what might be called a Carolina Reel, they had shown they are tough, but maybe not tough enough. With Charlie Scott scoring four consecutive 20-foot jump shots in the closing minutes, the Tar Heels defeated previously unbeaten North Carolina State 78-69. Then Scott's 11 points late in the sec-

ond half whirled UNC past Duke, which had lost only once, 86–78. But these wins came after a sour start at South Carolina, where the Gamecocks held Scott to nine points. Tar Heel Coach Dean Smith figured to slow down methodical South Carolina and slough off 6' 8" John Ribock, who is reputed to be a weak outside shooter. The slower tempo disrupted Scott's quick game, and Ribock lived down his reputation by hitting seven jump shots as South Carolina won 65–52. The Gamecocks added to their ACC lead with a 55–44 victory over disciplined Maryland.

Discipline is a word that had new meaning this week for Florida State Coach Hugh Durham. His Seminoles played their usual high-geared style of game in beating Arizona 87–78 and Miami 104–63, but College President Stanley Marshall was in high dudgeon. Durham, he decided before facing the NCAA Council in Washington, D.C., was not keeping his house clean despite already being on NCAA probation for recruiting irregularities. Marshall ordered his coach to stop recruiting for one year, to drop his radio and TV shows, to give up plans for a summer basketball camp and to make no appearances at banquets or clinics. For the NCAA, Marshall's disciplinary action was too little, too late. After its meeting with the FSU president the council ordered two more years' probation.

New England's best teams, Rhode Island and Holy Cross, battled into overtime before Rhody won 88–87. Bob Kissane led the Crusaders with 40 points, and Dwight Tolliver, the Rams' big guard at 5' 10", scored 24. Rhody's other backcourt starter is 5' 5" Ed (The Flea) Molloy.

Davidson was making a laugher, as expected, of the Southern Conference race with wins of 112–88 over George Washington and 95–52 over VMI. Along with St. Bonaventure (*page 16*), Niagara and Jacksonville, with 11-0 and 12-0 records, remained undefeated. The Purple Eagles ripped Canisius 101–75, and the Dolphins beat Hawaii 63–58, Richmond 113–77 and Miami 121–87.

1. S. CAROLINA (10-1) 2. ST. BONA (10-0)

MIDEAST

"We need a guy to take charge on top, a complete player," said Illinois Coach Harv Schmidt. "If we find him, we have the ingredients to be a fine team." Last week Schmidt found his missing man in 6' 2" junior Guard Rick Howat, and his team looked just fine, winning twice to take over as the Big Ten favorite. Howat came off the bench and scored eight consecutive baskets as the Illini wrecked Indiana 94–74. Overall, Illinois hit 40 of 59 shots for 69%. Assigned a starting job against Ohio State, another Big Ten favorite, Howat poured in 10 of his 11 field-goal attempts, and the Illini defense forced 23 Buckeye turnovers on the way to a 77–59 victory.

Iowa kept pace with Illinois by winning twice on the road. The Hawkeyes defeated Michigan 107–99, then Wisconsin 92–74. Junior college transfers John Johnson, who scored more than 30 points in each game, and Fred Brown, who topped 20 in each, led the Iowa offense.

Southeastern Conference leader Kentucky had an easy time with Mississippi State (111–76) and Florida (88–69), while receiving an unexpected boost from Mississippi and Georgia. The Rebs and the Bulldogs both defeated Tennessee, heralded as the Wildcats' toughest SEC rival. Bruce Rich's jumper in the last five seconds of a second overtime won for Mississippi 59–57, and Lanny Taylor's 16 points led Georgia to a 61–56 victory.

Ohio was nudged from the Mid-American Conference lead by Bowling Green 85–65, and Toledo showed it is definitely a contender by outscoring defending champ Miami 47–31. With 7' Doug Hess, who finished with 18 rebounds, controlling the boards, the Rockets held the Redskins without a basket during the closing 7:20 of the first half.

Marquette won easily over Loyola of Chicago 85–72 and DePaul 72–60, but powerful Western Kentucky barely remained undefeated in the Ohio Valley Conference. The Hilltoppers edged Eastern Tennessee 95–91 and Eastern Kentucky 86–83.

1. KENTUCKY (11-0) 2. MARQUETTE (11-1)

MIDWEST

Deep in the Heart O' Texas Coliseum, at Baylor, the playing floor helped shift the favorite's role in the Southwest Conference from Texas to the Bears last week. Baylor's new floor is made of AstroTurf, and although the bounces are true, the sounds are not. Neither dribbles nor pounding feet are heard, and the Bears' Larry Gatewood used the silent treatment on the Longhorns, scoring 24 points in his team's 81–59 romp. Baylor then went on the road and made some noise by rattling defending SWC champ Texas A&M 79–71 as Gatewood scored 31 points.

Louisville was winning on the road in the Missouri Valley Conference, where visitors are rarely victors. The Cardinals triumphed at St. Louis 68–63 and Cincinnati 64–63, with a starting lineup composed of senior Mike Grosso and four cool-headed sophomores. The win over the Bearcats again proved that Louisville Coach John Dromo is a pretty cool customer himself. In his 2½ seasons the Cardinals have played six one-point games and won them all.

In the disorderly Big Eight, where earlier Oklahoma State and then Oklahoma had taken the attention away from preseason favorites Colorado and Kansas, Kansas State became the latest surprise team. The Wildcats turned the tables on both the Cowboys and the Sooners with wins of 72–56 and 77–56. Against State, Jeff Webb scored five straight points to break a 27–27 first-half tie, and the Wildcats' aggressive man-to-man defense held the Cowboys to a 35% shooting average in the second period. Later, Sophomore Dave Hall came out of the infirmary, where he had been bedded down with a back injury, to score 21 points and grab 21 rebounds against Oklahoma.

After a 103–87 victory over a service team in Hawaii, Houston returned to the mainland and official competition to top West Texas State 91–83.

1. HOUSTON (12-1) 2. LOUISVILLE (7-2)

WEST

For the first time in Western Athletic Conference history two teams swept two-game road trips in the same week. Texas at El Paso, which won 77–64 at Colorado State and 80–70 at Wyoming, and Utah, a 93–92 victor at Arizona State and a 79–74 winner at Arizona, pulled off the upsets. The Miners, led by Guard Nate (Roller Skate) Archibald, were the more impressive. While his teammates held the Rams to a 33% shooting average and the Cowboys to 36%, Archibald scored 55 points, 31 of them from the foul line. He was awarded 35 free throws, most of them resulting from overly tight defenses moving in to stop his jump shots and fancy dribbling.

Arizona, like so many other schools recently, became embroiled in a battle with Brigham Young, but most of the action was off court. Protesting the racial policies of the Mormon Church, Arizona students burned the foul line off the court with lighter fluid the day before the game, and at game time 200 demonstrators collected outside the gym. With every Wildcat player wearing a black wristband to show sympathy with the Black Student Union's protests, Arizona won 90–77.

For the third time this season UCLA needed a last-second shot to win a one-point victory over an opponent using a controlled offense. Earlier Minnesota and Princeton held the Bruins to nearly 30 points under their usual scoring total only to lose at the buzzer. The latest near winner was Oregon State, which trailed by as many as nine points in the first half. The Beavers patiently wiped out the Bruins' lead in the second period but still lost 72–71, substitute Forward John Ecker's three-foot jump shot with four seconds to play providing the winning point. Earlier UCLA defeated Oregon 75–58.

New Mexico State beat UTEP 75–66 and Montana State 106–68.

1. UCLA (10-0) 2. NEW MEXICO ST (14-1)

HUNTING / *Robert F. Jones*

Pavlov's ducks fly to a last supper

The Meadow View Wildlife Preserve—"a perfect retreat for hunters who want *sure* action," reads a brochure circulated by its proprietors—is a 50-acre reach of red clay and marshland situated in the scrubby western foothills of the Sierra Nevada, about an hour's drive northeast of Sacramento. The nearby towns of Marysville and Yuba City wear the faded blue-denim look of working California ranch centers: feed stores and John Deere showrooms and guys in stained straw cowboy hats picking their teeth on the stools of all-night coffeepots. The jukes play Johnny Cash, and the carhops who serve you plastic cheeseburgers chew their Doublemint with a slight smacking sound. This is the Heartland West, and the Meadow View Wildlife Preserve is part and parcel of it.

The preserve is actually a sheep farm—a barn, some weathered pens, rank upon rank of dismantled feeding troughs, a couple of house trailers. From the first one, a pink and white job surrounded by neatly tended flower beds, a woman emerges. She is pale and plump, with windowpane eyeglasses and a few teeth. She tells the two of us to wait by the second trailer, the blue and white one, and Dan oughta be along shortly. We wait at the second trailer. A thin gray drizzle is falling, and high overhead a wavering line of geese creaks past. Ducks are talking nearby—that mumbling, querulous babbledy-gabble that never ceases, day or night, in duck country. The duck talk comes from a converted sheep pen in which a captive army of mallards waddles and worries. At one end of the pen is a gallowslike tower with a ramp leading up to the platform on top from the pen below. A couple of hundred yards east of the tower stands a scraggly rank of olive trees, and an equal distance beyond the trees lies a muddy pond, obviously bulldozed out of the clay only recently.

A pickup truck wheels in and disgorges a grinning black Labrador named Ace and the MVWP's junior partner, Dan Nevis. A heavy-shouldered, tobacco-chewing rice farmer of 33, Nevis has a bluff, disarming manner and a cast to his left eye—a combination of characteristics that makes him appear both cagey and honest at the same time. (Oh, California!) Dan explains the operation: "We've got 5,000 ducks in the feeding and holding pen, there where the tower is. We release them a few at a time, and they fly straight for the pond, over those trees. You take them as they come past—high shots, side shots, overhead shots, all kinds shots, as we say in our brochure. Some of the birds are weaker fliers, and we try to weed them out, the sick birds. All these birds have been trained to split their lives between the resting pond and the feeding pen. We got the birds from Dundee, Ill. for a dollar apiece at an age of one day, and ever since they've been going from the pen to the pond and back every day. We call them back at night with a klaxon—they've been conditioned to associate it with feeding. Pavlov's ducks, you might say, haw haw haw. O.K., grab your guns and follow me!"

We move into a portable blind about midway between the pond and the pens. "Remember, there's no limit," says Nevis with a twinkle in his cocked eye. "Hell, you don't even need a hunting license or a duck stamp. All you need is $5 for every bird you kill—that's our introductory offer; later we're going up to $10." He turns and yells toward the pens: "O.K., Joe, you can start letting 'em fly." The first flight—five birds—barely clears the 20-foot brush tops ahead of the guns, then flares right and left as the lead duck spots the swinging gun barrels. Blam, blam! "Drat it, missed the booger!" "There's more a-comin!" Another flight strung out to the left—kerwhump!—and the lead duck crazily crashes out of control near the wire fence just short of the pond. "Fetch, Ace!" The Lab bounds out and snags the duck, then worries it briefly. "Ace, you no-goodsonuvagun, I said FETCH!" Back he comes, and the duck is laid out on an overturned milk case. The scene is repeated five times. Some of the birds are indeed fast—though not with the ripped-silk speed of wild ducks. Others are feeble and just about able to fly. They crash into the wire fence or hang up noisily in the treetops. My shooting companion actually reaches out and snatches a passing duck from the air.

"Had enough?" asks Nevis. "Well, come on by the trailer and we'll have a snort before you head back." On the way to the trailer we pause at the holding pens. A hard-eyed farmer in mucky boots and a two-toned beard is working among the murmuring ducks. "Dammit, Nevis," he yells, "you gotta clean this sheep crud out of here. These birds are going blind. There's a couple in there now with both their eyes out." Nevis reassures the irate farmer, then adds: "We had 7,000 birds, originally, but 2,000 of 'em died. You get 7,000 of anything—men, elephants—2,000 of 'em is going to die."

In the trailer Nevis kicks aside a pair of old boots and a stack of publicity releases, then mixes the drinks. His partner, Clyde McRunnels, 45, joins us. McRunnels is a shy, ruddy-cheeked feed and egg dealer from Marysville. Over bourbon and water he talks about the preserve concept. "They used to laugh at guys who shot pheasants on stocked preserves, but now it's perfectly acceptable," he says. "It'll be the same thing with ducks 10 years from now. We've gotten some pretty strong reactions to this place from your usual antihunting types. One letter I got, it was two solid pages of cuss words. I've heard some pretty mean language in my day, but that took the cake for dirty. Guy ended up saying he was coming out here—the letter was postmarked New Jersey—to kill me. Got my wife shook up, I'll tell you. Actually, I never had much feeling for the duck, as an animal, I mean. You know what my favorite animal is? The pig. You know why? He's smart and he's tough and"—McRunnels blushes a bit—"well, he's kinda *folksy*."

Meadow View has been open for business only since Nov. 25, and the picking room is not quite ready for operation yet. So we have to pluck and clean our mallards ourselves. That gives it a real, duck-hunting finale, at least. Bidding farewell to Nevis and McRunnels, we wheel out onto the highway. The captive mallards are still gabbling on the pond. Overhead, a flight of wild mallards circles the scene, trying to make up its mind whether or not to join the mass of ducks below. Wisely, the leader declines. END

Certain kinds of cars have always made a statement about the people who own them.

Today, a Toronado can say a lot about you.



Here is one of those rare cars which offer not only luxury, but a remarkable new driving experience.

Its unique front drive and special suspension work together to deliver the kind of handling and maneuverability conventional cars can only envy.

Toronado takes luxury where it's never been before. Its flat floors put added comfort and legroom at your disposal. Power steering and disc braking make driving easier than ever. And positive valve rotators, maintain peak V-8 performance thousands of miles longer.

Toronado is a car ahead of its time. A great car you can drive—today, at your Oldsmobile dealer's.

You're in good company in a *Front Drive* Toronado by Oldsmobile.

Daumier by Nikon



Many a contemporary master would rather use Nikon

Photographers today enjoy the same creative freedom that has always been the painters prerogative Sometimes they come amazingly close to a famous painter's style — without conscious effort More often they develop styles of their own But with strikingly few exceptions contemporary masters use the Nikon F camera. It is no coincidence For some of the reasons, see your Nikon dealer, or write Nikon Inc , Garden City, New York, 11530



EPI Subsid/of Ehrenreich Photo-Optical Industries Inc (In Canada Anglophoto Ltd P Q)

For full-color 16x20" reproduction of "Daumier by Nikon," send $1

TENNIS / *Bud Collins*

Don't play with a guillotine

Tennis loves to put its head under the guillotine. Just when the game seemed to be entering an era of increased popularity, thanks largely to the long overdue approval of open play, up pops a new lethal situation. Guarantees Or, if you will, management fees. It seems the pros, both contract and independent, are unwilling to play in open tournaments for prize money alone and that, just like the days of the old amateur tournaments, they want something extra. The alternative, they say, is the boycott; that is, no Rod Laver at Forest Hills or anybody else you ever heard of, either.

In a way, you can't blame the pro promoters for their stand. At the first U.S. Open at Forest Hills two years ago the contract pros showed up for nothing and took a financial beating. Last year the USLTA reluctantly paid out more than $100,000 in guarantees, but it decided to forgo any such payments in 1970. That's when the pros threatened not to show. Lest anyone think they are bluffing, George MacCall's group is not going to the Australian Open this month, even though it means Rod Laver will be unable to defend the first leg of his Grand Slam.

To talk the game in off the ledge, a secret meeting was held last week in New York in the office of Joe Cullman, chairman of the U.S. Open. Gathered together for the first time in a negotiating mood were the leading administrators and operators of the game, amateur and pro. "The alternative was warfare," said USLTA President Alastair Martin, a determined progressive in sheepish amateur clothing who wisely rounded up Mike Davies of Lamar Hunt's World Championship Tennis; MacCall and Fred Podesta of the National Tennis League; Bill Talbert, director of the U.S. Open; Bob Malaga of the USLTA; Gladys Heldman, the influential publisher of *World Tennis magazine* (who was representing women's tennis); ex-promoter Jack Kramer, still a foree; and, finally, deposed Davis Cup Captain Donald Dell, Gene Scott and Bill Riordan, who act as agents for various independent pros. (Though he resigned under pressure from Martin last week, Dell remains a power in charge of his own pro group — Ashe, Smith, Lutz, Pasarell, Hoad, Franulovic. Dell's successor as cup captain will be a St Petersburg lawyer, Ed Turville.) Absent was Lamar Hunt, whose bank account prompted another millionaire, Martin, to make an approach by the amateurs to the pros Hunt was at the Super Bowl with his Kansas City Chiefs, but he has made it clear this his pride, as well as money, is involved in tennis—just as it was in the AFL Although several of Martin's advisers suggested that Hunt would disappear if ignored or fought, Martin decided that if Hunt could be too much for the NFL, he would certainly he too much for the USLTA Therefore Martin took the trouble to talk with Hunt privately in a prelude to last week's summit gathering in order to hear Hunt's views.

At the meeting itself Talbert and Martin proposed a formula of paying fixed expenses to the top 50 players of the world, to be ranked by MacCall, Scott, Dell, Davies and Riordan. The independent players would keep their money individually, while the contract pros would turn theirs over to the boss "Before we agree we'll have to see how it projects and compares with the fees we need," said Mike Davies. The measure, which will not cost the USLTA nearly as much as last year, is, in Martin's words, "admittedly only a stopgap for a year or so." In tennis' interest, the ideal would be for the promoters to rewrite contracts with their players, becoming agents or sponsors and taking a slice of their prize money. Then tennis would parallel golf. Old pro Jack Kramer was on the amateurs' side this time and was "disappointed the USLTA gave in to the promoters." But Alastair Martin hoped his proposal would "keep everybody happy." He didn't relish being president the year the guillotine drops. END



One night last June you went to somebody's party. We went to somebody's train wreck.

help us help

The American Red Cross. We don't know where we'll be needed next. You don't either.

ADVERTISING COUNCIL



1901 e. north ave. • milwaukee • wis



Crossroads.

Where are you going from here?

You could spend the rest of your life helping your friends solve life's money problems.

You could spend the rest of your life spending more time at home with your family.

You could spend the rest of your life in a rewarding career as one of the most highly trained, respected, and honored life insurance professionals in the country.

You could qualify as a Mass Mutual agent.

You could write our President, James R. Martin,
Massachusetts Mutual Life Insurance Company, Springfield, Mass. 01101

AN EQUAL OPPORTUNITY EMPLOYER

SQUINTING AT THE STARS



Gone are the days when you could go out and spend an evening under the stars and maybe try to locate the Big Dipper, lying there in your sleeping bag looking up at all those friendly little pinpoints of light. Then there was the moon, round and bright, and beyond it, way off in the opaque velvet known as space, the planets. Mars, Venus, Jupiter, slow-moving Saturn. You couldn't see them on this particular night, but they were there, you took it on faith, traveling their orbits in the sky while you traveled yours on earth. They didn't bother you, you didn't bother them, right? So what happens . . ?

A friend—nice girl, really, but inclined to go off on tangents—has been bending your ear about astrology. She invites you to dinner and you eat a few unidentifiable roots. You're an Aquarian, she says, and your horoscope says that's what you like to eat—the Sagittarian gets the steak. By the time the evening is over your natal chart has been "erected," which is the word she uses. Frankly, things don't look too good. Uranus (progress) is square Venus (love), which apparently means you might as well go out and drown yourself. Saturn (obstacles) is retrograde in your money house (you did lose a bundle on the Vikings-Browns game, didn't you?). That's only the beginning, though she hesitates to tell you this with that friendly office football game coming up (by this time she's gone through your personal birth data like someone clearing away wet marsh grass with a cleaver) but, she continues, the truth is that when you were born your fifth house—recreation and sport—was as empty as a condemned tenement on the other side of town. Brutal sports are not for you. Besides, this month (with transiting Mars retrograding over a strategic point in your chart) you're extremely accident prone. All in all, it was a lovely evening.

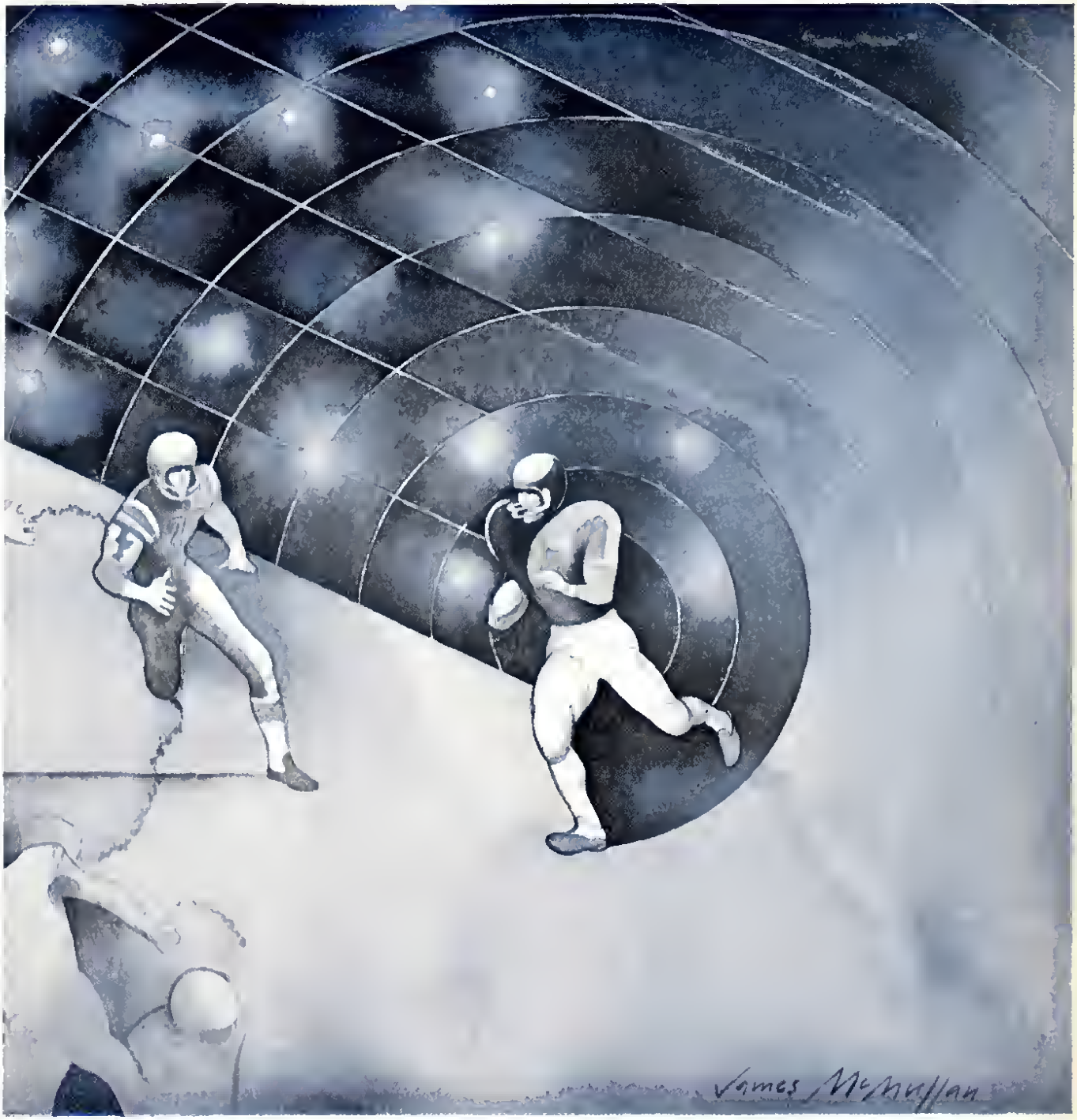
You play anyway, of course. Astrology? What nonsense. Later when she visits you she brings along

continued

OF SPORT

It's sometimes hard to see out there, but the fans and fanciers of astrology are convinced that a look into the void will help before the game begins

by JEANNETTE BRUCE



some books: Linda Goodman's *Sun Signs*; *Write Your Own Horoscope* by Joseph E. Goodavage, *The Moon Sign Book*; the *American Astrology Digest* for 1970; Rigel Spica's *Astrology and Horse Racing*; *Stock Market Prediction* and *Picking Winners* by Donald Bradley. Some of the names of the authors look suspect: *Astrology, How to Put the Stars to Work for You* by Glyn Truly, *The Astrological Cookbook* by Sybil Leek and an article on gambling astrologically by Linda Lung. It all begins to read like a gigantic put-on, but there you are in traction with nothing much to do, and that cute nurse in the miniskirt uniform says she's an Aries on the cusp of Taurus.

The above story is true. Only the names of the planets have been changed to undermine astrologers. They're getting uppity.

The star watchers these days are as busy as a colony of ants burrowing into a newly turned pile of sand, but who can blame them? For centuries they were booted around, dismissed by solemn scientists as persistent but harmless cranks who huddled over their mysterious charts, poor dears, disseminating information in a variety of publications read largely by themselves. Then suddenly the boom was on. Drugstores that used to hide a few pitiful, cheaply printed horoscopes behind the candy counter now have displays, strategically visible, covered with attractively bound outsize paperbacks, one or more for each sign of the zodiac. No one has to pretend anymore that his horoscope sort of fell into his hand when he reached for Wrigley's Spearmint and, well, since he has it in his hand he might as well buy it. Novelty stores are crammed with zodiac ashtrays, napkins, paperweights, medallions, brooches, rings, wall plaques, needlepoint designs. . . .

When did it all begin? Like most fads there had to be a kickoff point, preceded no doubt by small, unnoticed tremors. Is it, as Garth Allen asks in the *American Astrology Digest*, "a sort of emotional crutch in this time of spiritual lameness" or "one of the most logical spinoffs from widespread interest in space activities"? Both, says Mr. Allen. But it was astronomers themselves—who bear about the same relation to astrologers as do physicians to naturopaths—who turned on the green light with the announcement in 1962 that in early February a rare phenomenon had occurred, one that had not been recorded for thousands of years. Planets Mercury, Venus, Mars, Jupiter and Saturn, plus the sun and moon, orbited into near-perfect alignment in the sign of Aquarius. As if that wasn't enough to send astrologers over the brink in a delirium of forecasts, it happened at the exact time of a total solar eclipse.

Therefore, keeping an open mind to the prospect that we are all being forcefed from some kind of heavenly platter, how could the New York Mets (born Feb. 18, 1962—lose once the Age of Aquarius had dawned?

The so-called "miracle" was preordained, with the planets no doubt lurking about over Shea Stadium last October. Victory, in fact, was spelled out early on by Astroflash, a giant computer that grinds up individual birth data and spews out the word, within minutes, of a subject's trials, tribulations, defeats and triumphs. Astroflash, a product of the Astrological Research Corporation, is located in New York's Grand Central Station, and you can bet the stars in your eyes that business is brisk. Approximately 1,000 believers, nonbelievers and the merely curious stop by the Astroflash booth each day and allow themselves to be reduced to holes in a card, which is then inserted into the computer's giant maw.

Obviously, during the World Series someone was going to feed the Mets, figuratively speaking, into the machine, and someone did. A day or so before the crucial third game, with Pitcher Gary Gentry scheduled to face Baltimore's ace righthander Jim Palmer, it was reported by Associated Press that:

"The stars favor the Mets over the Orioles in the remainder of the World Series," and after digesting the configurations in the sky at the time of Gary Gentry's birth (Oct. 6, 1946, in Phoenix, Ariz.) Astroflash made this pronouncement: "At this precise moment in life, luck will smile on you. You can assert yourself, conquer and win out." Then it was Jim Palmer's turn, born like Gentry under the sign of Libra, Oct. 15, 1945, in New York City. Palmer's record at the time of the Series was 16-4, and he had a no-hitter to his credit. The computer blinked, whirred and then warned ominously: "Don't let overconfidence lead you astray. Avoid rash generosity and wasteful extravagance, and don't be like those gamblers who, after a sudden windfall, end up losing their pile because they trusted too blindly to their luck."

In predicting the outcome of any sports event the manager must also be taken into consideration, since it is he who directs the progress of the team. Oriole boss Earl Weaver, implied the stars tersely, should have stood in bed. "Your rights will be contested. Power is not on your side at the moment. . . . Criticism, rivalry and an inability to finish things will exaggerate your aggressive tendencies, and you will be apt to throw yourself into struggles which oftener than not are futile." So much for Weaver, the Lion, born Aug. 14, 1930. The computer was much kinder to Gil Hodges (April 4, 1924), though it called him "morose and serious." It allowed that "Mercury and Venus are in your eighth house, that which governs crisis and change . . . If you have been having a rough time lately, this time may bring some relief," which, considering what happened at Shea Stadium, was something of an understatement.

In general, sport and recreation are given short shrift by most popular astrologers, possibly because the fifth house of the zodiac—a crowded one—also rules romance and children. Astrology magazines bulge with advice on those subjects, but rarely suggest what you are to do with your time now that the labor laws have taken you from your loom and given you at least two days a week for fun and games.

Are you a puny Pisces, a jinxed Gemini, a calcified Capricorn? Perhaps you should be watching instead of playing. Your athletic career may be full of sound and fury, signifying nothing but a frac-

continued

The 1970 Lincoln Continental.
Now significantly more spacious, still every inch a Continental.

This is the first altogether new Lincoln Continental in nearly a decade.

Its impressive new size is immediately apparent. The interior is roomier. The ride is smoother because the wheelbase is longer and the stance is the widest on the road today.

Flow-Thru—a totally new ventilation system that circulates fresh air through the car even when the windows are closed—is standard equipment on the car. So are power front disc brakes.

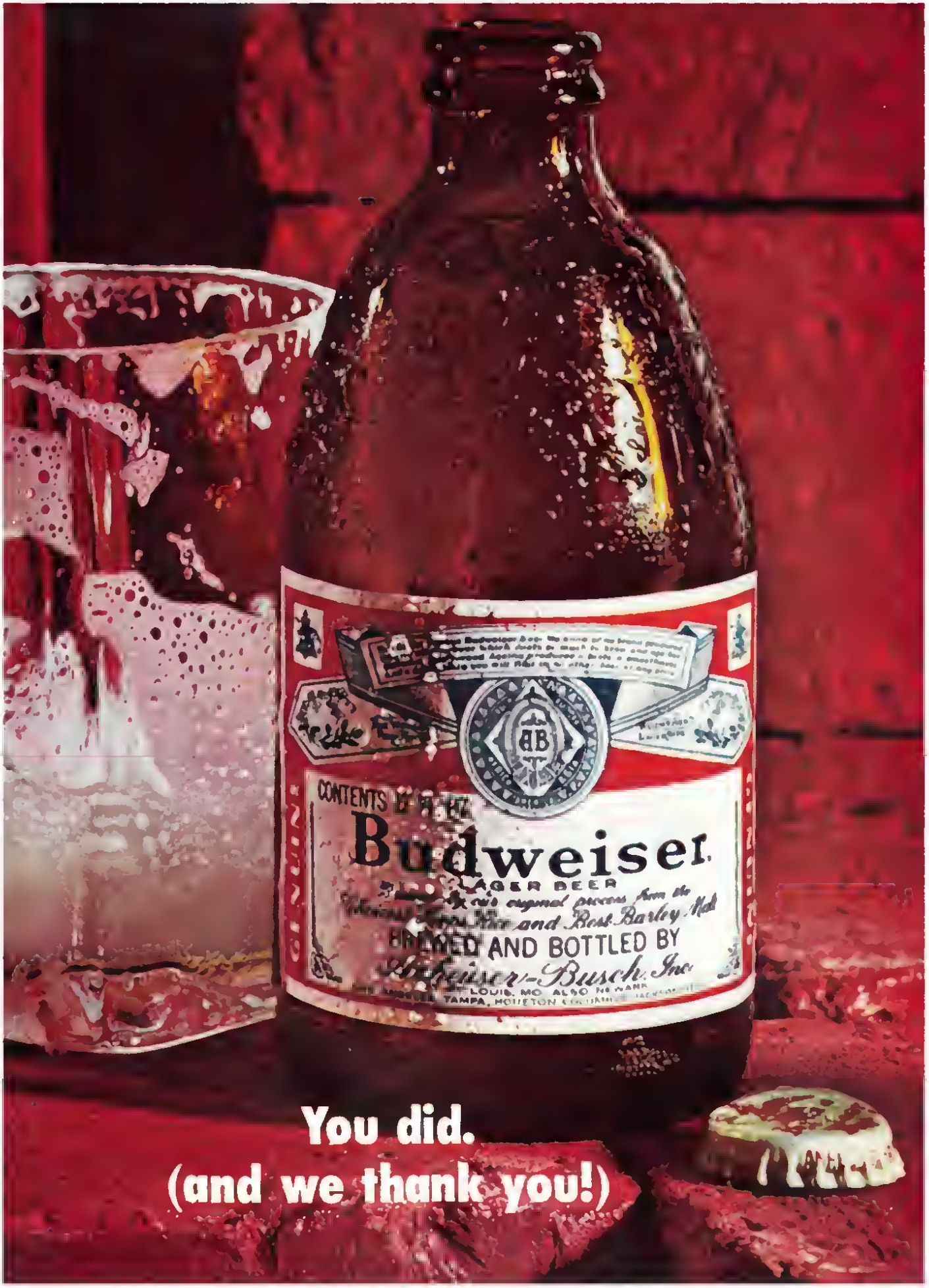
You may wish to consider Sure-Track, the remarkable new computer-controlled anti-skid braking system. And, as an additional convenience on the 2-door coupé below, an automatic release unlocks the front seat-backs when you open either door.

Yet for all its advances, Lincoln Continental retains the unique individuality that has distinguished this car from all other luxury cars.

For 1970, the altogether new Lincoln Continental is, as always, every inch a Continental.




WHO
BUILT
THE
WORLD'S
LARGEST
BREWERY?


Budweiser
LAGER BEER
BREWED AND BOTTLED BY
Anheuser-Busch, Inc
You did.
(and we thank you!)

Sports Illustrated

all pro posters






2 feet X 3 feet ★ $1.50 each

45 of pro football's greatest stars!

Please send me the posters I've checked on the right at $1.50 each or at our special offer of 4 for $5.00. I have indicated how many of each I want.

I enclose $_____ for _____ posters.

☐ cash ☐ check ☐ money order

NOTE: a poster order under $3 must include 50¢ for postage and handling.

Sports Illustrated
P.O. Box 441
Norristown, Pa. 19404

name (please print)

address

city

state zip 3

NAME	AMT.	NAME	AMT.	NAME	AMT.
1N60 TOMMY NOBIS Atlanta		9N75 DEACON JONES Los Ang		1A35 JIM NANCE Boston	
1N34 JUNIOR COFFEY Atlanta		8N84 G. WASHINGTON Minn.		2A15 JACK KEMP Buffalo	
2N88 JOHN MACKEY Balt.		9N30 BILL BROWN Minnesota		3A42 WARREN McVEY Cinn.	
2N41 TOM MATTE Baltimore		10N17 BILL KILMER New Orl.		5A90 GEORGE WEBSTER Hous.	
3N51 DICK BUTKUS Chicago		12N18 NORM SNEAD Phila.		BA18 LEN DAWSON Kansas	
3N40 GALE SAYERS Chicago		12N18 BEN HAWKINS Phila.		BA21 MIKE GARRETT Kansas	
4N44 LEROY KELLY Cleveland		13N10 KENT NIX Pittsburgh		7A12 BOB GRIESE Miami	
5N30 DAN REEVES Dallas		13N47 MARV WOODSON Pitt.		7A39 LARRY CSONKA Miami	
5N74 BOB LILLY Dallas		13N34 ANDY RUSSELL Pitt.		8A12 JOE NAMATH New York	
9N24 MEL FARR Detroit		14N12 CHARLEY JOHNSON St.L.		8A83 GEO. SAUER New York	
9N20 LEM BARNEY Detroit		14N25 JIM BAKKEN St. Louis		BA13 DON MAYNARD N.Y.	
7N15 BART STARR Green Bay		15N12 JOHN BRODIE San Fran.		8A3 DARYLE LAMONICA Oak.	
7N33 JIM GRABOWSKI G.B.		16N9 S. JURGENSON Wash.		8A40 PETE BANASZAK Oak.	
7N66 RAY NITSCHKE G.B.		16N42 CHARLEY TAYLOR Wash.		10A18 LANCE ALWORTH San D.	
8N18 ROMAN GABRIEL L.A.		2A30 O.J. SIMPSON Buffalo		10A21 JOHN HADL San Diego	

ture or two if Mars (the planet that rules warfare, athletics and physical activity) does not form a good aspect with your sun, moon, Jupiter, Ascendant or midheaven. How does one determine what Mars is up to in regard, say, to your chances of having a good day in the stock market or hitting the daily double? Playing the stock market is not, strictly speaking, a sport, though at times it seems to be. Still, it is good to know that your decision to buy that worthless stock in a Nevada silver mine may have been caused by sunspots, not your own bad judgment. The best thing to do if you don't want to get involved with something called the Planetary Barometer is to ask your broker to study the zodiac before he does your buying for you. Writes Donald Bradley in *Stock Market Prediction*: planetary "conjunctions and trines are bullish influences, while oppositions and squares have decided bearish effects."

What that means, if you've been losing on the market, is that you would probably be better off at Hialeah. All you need to know, according to some astrologers, is the birth date of the horse. Or you can try Rigel Spica's system and deal with the birth date of the jockey,. the place and time zone he is racing in, post time and whether or not the horse is fit. (The latter is frequently difficult to determine, and a cynic might suggest it is the nub of the matter.) Once you have had some practice, assures Mr. Spica, author of *Astrology and Horse Racing*, you should be able to choose the most likely winner and still make it to the window. Of course, if post time is then delayed for 10 minutes it can ruin everything. Some planets travel faster than horses over the finish line.

Astrology tends to take away the suspense of a game, once you're an expert at sky reading, and if you don't particularly want to know who is going to win until the event is over don't go ferreting about in your favorite team's astrological data.

One look at Alex Webster's horoscope this season, for instance, and the whole plight of the New York Giants becomes clear. Webster happens to be an Aries, with Scorpio rising. The computer at Grand Central transmitted some pretty bad news about Webster and was asked to reconsider. Clickety, clickety, click, began Astroflash again, without the slightest hint of sympathy.

"You were born under a sign of double violence," it tapped out, "which can range from simple touchiness to positive hostility and aggression."

Surely no one could blame Webster for being a bit touchy about seven straight Giant defeats. You would have to be born under a double sign of inertia not to rise to that kind of bait. Right up to December the planets ganged up on Webster. Until mid-October, Mercury, which governs the coordinator of daily events, trivia, etc., was discordantly placed in his 12th house (which symbolizes self-undoing). "Beware of anonymous letters and slanderous denunciations."

From mid-October to mid-November a dissonant Mars rejoined Saturn in the sky of his birth, a meeting that is generally unlucky: "In this period you will plot underhanded maneuvers—or they may be plotted against you—so don't fly off the handle."

Without warning, Astroflash, in dealing with Webster, suddenly switched to the third person, dropping its man-to-man approach and referring to Alex as "he" or, worse still, "the subject," as though what was coming might be a bit embarrassing. "The subject," it began, "can build an entire universe sitting at a table, the table on which he eats, drinks, works, calculates, schemes and builds. . . . All that is stable, weighty and tangible speaks to his instinct, which feasts on such prosaic joys as swelling furniture [sic], chests, cabinets and wardrobes in which to store and keep things."

Obviously the Giants couldn't be stuffed in a closet, not even after they lost game after game through the period, though the idea may have crossed Webster's mind. In an interview Webster had said, "I'll tell them [the team] that if they want to stay it will be only the good ones. The bad ones will go." (There's that touchiness coming out.) Astroflash, again taking on the paternal tone of a worried father, advised: "Beware of violent outbursts which generate instability, as you are already high-strung and liable to fevers. Beware of any temptation to give up, and avoid bringing havoc to those about you."

Ha! In December the skies cleared. Mercury took leave of the discord in Webster's 12th house and went off to his second house to unite peacefully for a time with the sun and Venus. "During this entire period," glowed Astroflash in a sudden happy turnabout, "your possessiveness and the ardor you put into accumulating assets will come to the fore." Assets accumulated in the form of Giant victories over the Cardinals (49–6), Steelers (21–17) and Browns (27–14).

The man who keeps his eye on the traffic instead of the sky tends to confuse astrology with other less profound parlor games involving Ouija boards, tarot cards, tea-leaf reading and just plain fortune-telling. This upsets astrologers, who insist that they only aim to point out favorable or unfavorable trends. Almost all agree, with varying degrees of intensity, that there is, in spite of other worldly influences, a percentage of free will available with which to avert potential disaster. However, astrologers continue to use words like "predictions" and "forecasts," words that, whatever their semantic shadings, are linked willy-nilly in the public's mind with soothsayers and oracles. A study of your natal chart will not reveal where it was you left your snorkel mask last week or who stole your Head skis or how the Vikings would do in the Super Bowl. Those who don't give a hoot anyway about that big electromagnetic field of space sending its waves and portents to earth probably go with the bookmakers, who liked Minnesota by 13 in Sunday's Super smash.

There are horoscopes other than natal charts to help one plot a course through life. That popular daily squib in newspapers ("This is a good day to have your tooth pulled, so don't be down in the mouth") is based on a "solar" or "tropical" chart, mathematically different from the "sidereal" calculations

continued

used by the ancient Greeks. Then there are "progressed" charts, "comparison" charts, "natural catastrophe" charts, "relocation" charts, "gardening" charts, "accident" charts, "medical research" charts and "horary" charts, the latter reputed to be the most useful for the sports buff who wants to pinpoint a particular athletic event. But they won't work unless he really *cares*.

In a 30-page pamphlet by Donald Bradley (who is highly thought of in astral circles), put out by Llewellyn Publications Ltd. and titled *Picking Winners*, a detailed system is outlined for determining the victor of anything from a horse race to a ball game to a prizefight.

"A horary chart for the time and place of the occasion—be it football, baseball, basketball, ice hockey, boxing or a tennis match—will usually suffice to reveal the winner, independent of the personal fortunes of the players.

"It is our firm conviction, based upon

ATHLETIC ASTROFLASHES



JOE NAMATH (Gemini) May 31, 1943, 9 p.m. Sometime Super Bowl quarterback

"You feel fulfilled in an occupation in which you can use your hands, especially those where your hands improve and enhance an object. Interior decoration, hair dressing. . . . Be careful of your nerves and arteries. Make a point of getting into the outdoors and fresh air. . . . You are gifted for social contacts and should succeed brilliantly. . . . A love of the countryside and the earth may develop. You like to feel your feet on solid ground, for you trust the soil and appreciate its smell, texture and certitudes.

"You cooperate well with a team and remain faithful to it, though you may have your own way of organizing a job. . . . Enraptured by your own dreams, you refuse all compromise, and if it is required, your indolence leads you to give up the fight. Such an attitude can produce bachelorhood. . . . You stand the risk of not profiting from your own success as you may become embroiled in company affairs. . . . You have great trouble extricating yourself from your associates.

"There is a tendency to place too much faith in appearances. You have the habit of inspecting objects only from the standpoint of their utilitarian value—how they can be immediately exploited or consumed.

"The 10th house [toward the end of 1969] will be unfavorably influenced by Venus. It's a dead period for expansion. Seek neither the approval of your superiors nor the votes of the public. This shall pass in good time."



CASSIUS CLAY (Capricorn) Jan. 17, 1942, 4 a.m. Sometime world champion.

"You have a wish to surpass yourself, which is helped by your natural gifts. . . . If you are not well adapted, and particularly if you cannot dominate situations, people or things, you may become overcritical. Age and experience will provide the strength you need to persevere. Avoid acting in spasmodic fits and starts. . . . Although the program you've set yourself is ambitious, your fine qualities authorize you to follow it through. You have some plan you want to accomplish and it will be your destiny to rise materially, socially, morally and spiritually. The goal you're aiming at is interesting.

"One of your most charming traits is to crown with glory those you think you love. One romantic encounter and your heart takes wings—yet this propensity to idealize, to dream, in itself contains germs of disillusion. . . . Your ability to rationalize your emotions will free you from the dictates of passion. You will feel no great obligations or restrictions in the depths of your heart. Hence you should not be too surprised if you find that you do not attach large importance to the customary moral standards.

"Regarding work, you should know the limit of your strength. You provide a degree of good humor and contentment for your professional colleagues, being neither envious nor an opportunist. . . . Your chance of accumulating money may stem from your ability to contribute to the fortunes of others. Possible vocations: missionary, explorer or diplomat."



MARV THRONEBERRY (Virgo) Sept. 2, 1933, 4:45 a.m. Sometime New York Met

"You are sensitive and refined by nature, your reactions unfettered, your behavior deliberate. Yet you may have difficulty integrating yourself into your surroundings. Figuratively and in reality, crowds frighten you, bringing out all your latent uneasiness. . . . You hate to be pushy and decisions are a burden to you. Thus you are passive and submissive, though sudden emotion may make you stiffen unexpectedly.

"Among your assets, your patient tackling of the most thankless, laborious and tedious tasks. . . . Your weaknesses come essentially from your deep-seated and undeserved inferiority complex, caused by nervous inhibition. Too much modesty, self-effacement and a too diffident nature will not do in this hard world. . . . Getting all wrought up is bad for your nerves and could harm your digestion. . . . The state of grace is an ideal of perfection which lifts you above human misery and allows you to enjoy the contemplation of your own serenity. In this blue heaven most emotions, whether suffering or joy, seem far away, softened and blurred by the distance you have managed to put between them and yourself. This detachment can be experienced as a form of exile. Life seems populated with shadows, appearances, will-o'-the-wisps. It is a dream, a strange landscape where nothing is real, where nothing is stable to which the ego can attach itself—a wearied soul floating where its visions and chimeras lead it . . . capable of being lost in the universe if it cannot purify itself."

the combined principles of astrology and social psychology, that the outcomes of competitive sports events, publicly attended, are surely more amenable to accurate prediction than are individual affairs. This is true because, psychologically speaking, the 'collective mind' is far more susceptible to planetary influences . . . than the singular mind of an individual."

The horary chart involves such minutiae as the exact moment of a game's inception, the correct houses and planets to which each team belongs, the fans and odds, the coaches and one's own personal stake in the game. "Unless a personal stake is involved," writes Mr. Bradley, "it would be rather unreasonable to expect the horoscope of an individual's passing curiosity to reflect the fortunes of two opponents or teams, as well as their emotional impacts on two vast throngs of fans." That means you can't be "individual" when everyone else is being "collective."

Now, then, picture Mr. Bradley back in 1948, on a balmy night in June at ringside, horary chart close at hand. The famous rematch between Joe Louis and Jersey Joe Walcott is almost over. To everyone except Mr. Bradley the outcome still hangs in the balance. Smoke fills the air, perspiring radio announcers scream into their microphones, journalists in the press section scribble notes. The fans are hoarse with shouting. Then a sigh, like a shudder, washes over the stadium. Jersey Joe is down for the count after 11 grueling rounds. "Joe Louis is still heavyweight champion of the world," shouts an announcer. Pandemonium reigns. Mr. Bradley looks upward and winks. Later in his hotel room, consulting his own notes on the fight, that is to say, the horary chart, he inserts a sheet of paper in a typewriter and begins his own account, not for those unsophisticated sports pages that will babble tritely about "feints to the left" and "uppercuts to the jaw" but for astrologers, who are still operating, largely underground.

"The Moon was rising in Aquarius when this fight got under way," he begins. "Showing an intense public cathar-

continued



THE NEW MYSTIQUE OF MADEIRA GOLD

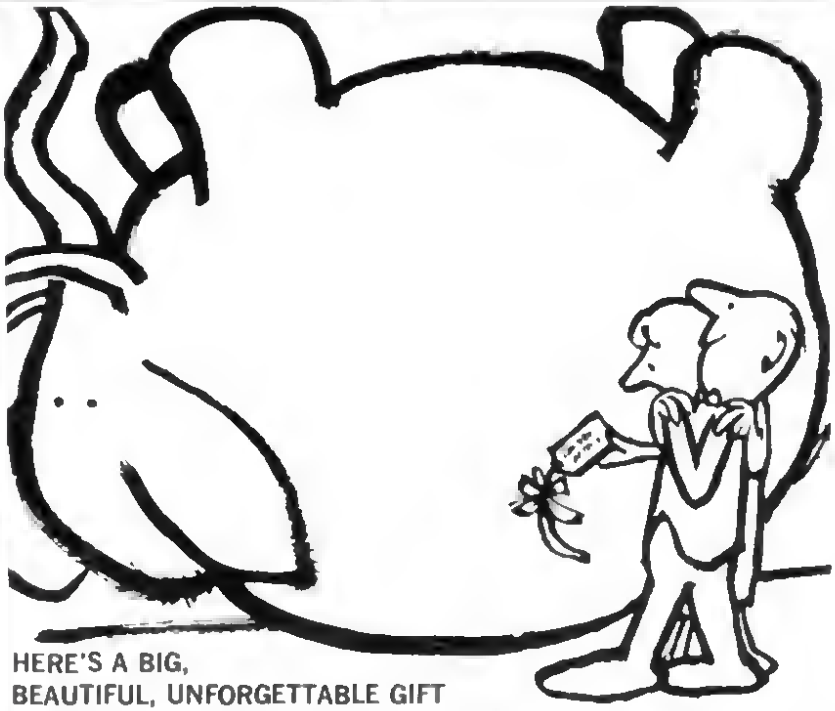
A fascinating tobacco. Smoothness that turns on your taste. Aroma that turns on hers.

WORN WITH PRIDE



CROSS®
SINCE 1846

America's Finest Writing Instruments
At Better Stores Everywhere



HERE'S A BIG,
BEAUTIFUL, UNFORGETTABLE GIFT
—ONE YEAR OF LIVELY READING IN SPORTS ILLUSTRATED

Give a gift subscription to SPORTS ILLUSTRATED and you'll never be forgotten. Week in, week out, season after season, SI is there with lively colorful coverage of great sports events—the Masters, the Derby, the 500, the Open, the Series, the bowl games, the Stanley Cup. Give someone a year of the best sports writing and photography on the newsstand today, and make yourself unforgettable. It costs you only $10 a year. Please send your check or money order to . . .

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, TIME & LIFE BUILDING, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60611

sis as well, the Moon here signified the champion Louis [born with Cancer ascending, incidentally]. The immediately oncoming aspect was a Lunar trine with fifth-house Uranus which also ruled the ascendant. The 'return match' was aptly described by conjoining Mercury and Venus, both retrograde in the fifth house. Because Leo was setting, Walcott was signified by the Sun, also in the fifth and heavily afflicted by Saturn and Neptune. Saturn and Pluto in Leo suitably described the disgruntled Walcott, who claimed that the public, or masses, recognized him as the true titleholder, dubbing himself for publicity purposes as 'the People's Champ.' Walcott's 'game' is shown by the Sagittarian 11th house, occupied by retrograde Jupiter which was being squared by Mars. Every testimony in the chart spoke favorably for Louis. The fight ended suddenly (Moon trine Uranus, Uranus ruling ascendant and in fifth) in the 11th round by a knockout of Walcott. The 11th house in this chart brought the fight to a climax under the pivot of Mars-square-Jupiter in Louis' series, while the 11th sector around the wheel from the 7th in Walcott's series carried the fight to a rapid finish under the four fifth-house planets, which included Walcott's afflicted significator." End of report.

And all these years Walcott thought it was Louis who knocked him out.

Of course, not everyone would take the time to figure out a horary chart or get emotionally involved enough to make one work. There are even some people around who don't care about prizefights, never go to football games, could not care less if the Mets sink or swim and wouldn't recognize a horse unless it had four doors. Some fellows just like to go out and swing a golf club, enter competitions here and there, invest their winnings in a corporation or two. No sweat. Not much, anyway, especially if they happen to be born Sept. 10, 1929 at 5 a.m. in Latrobe, Pa.

An astrologer who looked at Arnold Palmer's natal horoscope rolled her eyes, clasped her hands and said, "Look at all those planets in Mr. Palmer's money house. No wonder money is tight everywhere else." Astroflash was more restrained. "With prudence you will never go wanting."

For those with only an old chipped fragment of a star or two in their money house, it will be comforting to know that Virgo Palmer would be a bust at the racetrack and a pigeon at the poker table.

"Virgo people," writes Linda Lung in the August 1969 issue of *Astrology* magazine, "do not like to gamble for money." In speculation they, along with Taurus and Capricorn types, "far exceed the other signs, but in gambling for money they are inclined to be sensitive, touchy and critical. On the whole, they are by far the poorest losers of all the signs." Arnie should care.

"It is best not to gamble at all until you hit a day when Venus is transiting over radical Jupiter with the Moon on an auspicious point in your birth chart," chimes in Mr. Bradley, who toys around with the races when nothing is happening in the ring.

Gardening and fishing are less chancy, and you can eat the returns. This is all spelled out in an annual publication called *The Moon Sign Book*, or in a shorter version called the *Star Book Astrological Calendar*, which allows you to take a quick daily peek to see if it's time to plant the tubers or if the trout will rise (fish have horoscopes?). Obviously, if an Aries (fire sign) fisherman gets out in the stream with a Pisces (water sign) trout, whammo! It's that old story of fire and water every time.

The *Moon Sign* people take all the guesswork out of what is going to happen to your tomatoes, provided you plant them with the help of lunar guidance. "Now, unlike common almanacs that are used as planting guides"—astrologers outdo politicians in trying to sabotage other astrologers—"we consider both the Moon's phase and the Moon's sign in making our calculations for the proper timing of our work within nature's rhythm," writes the author of an article on lunar agriculture. The rest is easy, if there's still time for gardening after the astrological facts have been assembled. All you have to do is remember to plant when the moon is in the first-quarter phase and in the sign of Cancer for fruitfulness. Each sign has its own characteristics, and once you sort out what phase the moon is in and which sign is transiting over your garden "you can combine the fruitfulness of Cancer, the good root growth of Pisces, and the sturdiness and good vine growth of Scorpio." There is a Moon Sign Garden Contest every year to make things competitive, with the *Moon Sign* people eagerly awaiting photographs of your prize vegetables with enough details of what went on in which phase of the moon and sign of the zodiac to prove that you did your lunar homework. The winner in 1969 was an elderly gentleman from Santa Cruz, Calif. He is pictured squinting into the sun, clutching carrots that look like battering rams.

For those too lazy to work out their own charts, a day-by-day planting guide is provided. Instructions are succinct and precise: "Full moon in Leo—Feb. 2, 4:46 a.m.: gather mushrooms." On the other hand, you may just prefer to go to the supermarket. That way you can avoid a kitchen filled with mushrooms the size of umbrellas and won't get involved with what the *Moon Sign* book refers to as "related activities," which includes advice on cultivation, fertilizing, harvesting, irrigation and getting rid of weeds and pests. Nor do you have to ponder the wisdom of waiting until the moon is 24 hours past the time of full and in Sagittarius, Capricorn, Aquarius or Pisces before you have the cat spayed, for if the moon is in Virgo, Libra or Scorpio "the animal will not thrive and may die." In the meantime, the cat is out on the back fence, and eventually you'll have a whole litter waiting around for the moon to move into the proper sign.

What it comes down to is this. Are you going to let the stars light your way or are you going to continue your slug-a-bed existence, remaining in the dark about who will win the Super Bowl, the NBA championship or the World Series until some nonastrological, unphased official yells, "Play ball!" END



New way to fly: Thunderbird.

Soaring gracefully into the 70's,
the Ford Thunderbird offers the ultimate in
contemporary luxury. Flight bench or bucket seats.
Teak-toned door and instrument panels.
Opulent quilted vinyl and hopsack interiors.
And the Thunderbird is just one
of the 31 leading cars with
quality components made by . . .

THE Budd COMPANY
AUTOMOTIVE [illegible] • DETROIT MICHIGAN

Wherever you look, you see Budd

Budd products for the automotive industry include fenders, hoods, roofs, doors, body panels, chassis frames, wheels, hubs, drums, brakes, and disc brake parts.



WE PUT THE WHOLE WORLD OF SPORTS ON ICE FOR 14¢ A WEEK.

Basketball, hockey, skiing, track, baseball, swimming, sailing, golf, horseshoes, any sport you can name . . .

. . Sports Illustrated captures it, stops it cold, freezes the action And delivers it to you in one sparkling package, all crackling with color

For a dime and four pennies a week! Isn't that ridiculous?

27 weeks of Sports Illustrated for just $3 87. It's that low because we figure once you start the SI habit, you just couldn't quit cold.

There's too much in the magazine the week's hottest action, personality profiles, instruction from the pros, tips on equipment, surprising articles on sport's unseen facets, even books

Send in the order card and see if there isn't more excitement between SI's covers than any magazine you ever thaw.

See if it doesn't turn into your favorite weekly reader.

Now be a good skate and mail that card



SPORTS ILLUSTRATED
TIME & LIFE BUILDING/CHICAGO, ILLINOIS/60611

FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the sports information of the week

BASKETBALL NBA Halfway through an eight-game road trip, their longest of the season, the New York Knicks won back some of their early-season luster taking three straight before the San Diego Rockets spoiled things with a 123-115 victory. The Rockets highest-scoring win over the Knicks since they joined the NBA. In the West, Chicago climbed to third place with three wins and a loss, also to San Diego, while the Rockets, behind the hot shooting of Elvin Hayes, moved up one notch to fifth.

ABA Denver's new coach Joe Belmont had the pleasure of watching his team win all its games this week and of seeing it go from last place to third in the Western Division and Denver fans showed their appreciation by appearing in record numbers, 9,804 for a doubleheader in the Denver Coliseum. It was another story in a doubleheader at Los Angeles when the Rockets fine rookie Spencer Haywood met Washington's star, Rick Barry, for the first time before a grand total of 361 fans in the 15,000-seat sports arena. Denver defeated Washington 129-118, and Haywood topped Barry 28 to 24.

NBA East: New York (3-1), Milwaukee (3-1), Baltimore (3-2), Philadelphia (1-2), Cincinnati (2-1), Boston (0-4), Detroit (2-2). West: Atlanta (3-2), Los Angeles (2-2), Chicago (3-1), San Francisco (1-3), San Diego (3-0), Phoenix (1-4), Seattle (1-3).

ABA East: Indiana (5-1), Kentucky (2-1), Carolina (1-2), New York (2-2), Miami (2-2), Pittsburgh (0-3). West: New Orleans (1-3), Dallas (3-2), Denver (4-0), Washington (1-3), Los Angeles (1-3).

DOUBLECROSS Italians GIANFRANCO GASPARI and MARIO ARMENO won the European two-man championships at Cortina d'Ampezzo, Italy, with a combined time of 5:23.12 for four runs down an icy track, only .03 second faster than the second-place German team of Horst Huth and Pepi Bader. In the four man competitions, a West German crew led by 32-year-old WOLFGANG ZIMMERER raced twice down the course with times of 1:20.56 and 1:21.81 to defeat the Spanish team piloted by Eugenio Baturone.

GOING—JOHNNY FAMECHON of Australia retained his WBC featherweight crown by knocking Japan's Fighting Harada through the ropes after one minute, nine seconds of the 14th round at Tokyo's Municipal Gymnasium.

In the Sam Houston Coliseum in Houston, Olympic Heavyweight Champion GEORGE FOREMAN, weighing 217 pounds, floored 212-pound Charley Polite of Hollyoke, Mass. in the fourth round of a scheduled 10-rounder bout to score his 12th knockout and 14th victory.

FOOTBALL—The AFL's KANSAS CITY Chiefs beat the NFL's Minnesota Vikings 23-7 in the Super Bowl in New Orleans *(page 10)*.

GOLF On the first hole of sudden-death play after they tied at 276, Billy Casper defeated Hale Irwin to take the Los Angeles Open *(page 18)*.

HOCKEY NHL In the East, Montreal, with two wins, threatened Boston's hold on second place despite another scoring spree by Defenseman Bobby Orr as the Bruins dropped a 4-3 contest to last-place Toronto. New York won both its games and remained comfortably out in front. The West Division had a number of changes. Minnesota fell from second to third following a 6-4 penalty-filled defeat by Los Angeles. Philadelphia rose from fourth to second with two wins and two ties, and Pittsburgh, which lost three games, went from third to fourth.

NHL East: New York (2-0-0), Boston (1-1-0), Montreal (2-1-0), Detroit (2-1-0), Chicago (2-1-0), Toronto (1-0-2). West: St. Louis (0-1-1), Philadelphia (2-0-2), Minnesota (0-2-1), Pittsburgh (0-3-1), Oakland (0-2-1), Los Angeles (1-2-0).

SKIING Rain and warm weather made the World Cup slopes treacherous going, but veteran skier KARL SCHRANZ of Austria, the defending cup champion, mastered the giant slalom course at Adelboden, Switzerland with runs of 1:41.85 and 1:40.91, to defeat Italian Gustavo Thoeni, who missed a gate on his second run. Five days later at the men's downhill competition in Wengen, conditions were so bad that the icy, rutted course had to be shortened 1,500 meters, and HENRI DUVILLARD of France, winner of the race with a time of 1:50.21, admitted: "I was scared, I can tell you." Americans did poorly in the downhill. The best U.S. finisher, Billy Kidd, was 35th and as a result they dropped in men's and women's overall team standings, from second to third place behind France and Austria. The French dominated the women's competition at Grindelwald, Switzerland with a win by MICHÈLE JACOT in the special slalom and a one-two-three sweep by Isabelle Mir, Annie Famose and Florence Steurer in the downhill. The 18-year-old Jacot was followed by Betsy Clifford of Camp Fortune, Ontario and Marilyn Cochran of Richmond, Vt. in the top American showing for the week.

SOCCER At a luncheon in New York's Commodore Hotel, the National Soccer Coaches Association honored its selections for the All-America College Soccer Team. Halfback Tony Elia and forward Right Alex Papadakis of Hartwick College in Oneonta, N.Y. Goalie Bruce Parkhill of Lock Haven (Pa.) State, Fullback Don Fowler of Trenton (N.J.) State, Fullback Karim Yassin of Elizabethtown (Pa.) College, Halfback Len Rennert of Columbia University, Halfback Pete Gnoevos of San Diego State, Outside Right Abdula Jama of SIU, Center Forward Bob Durham of Philadelphia Textile, Inside Left Rasmi Tugberk of the University of Maryland and Outside Left Manuel Hernades of San Jose State.

SPEED SKATING At the U.S.S.R. national championships in Alma Ata VALERY MURATOV sped to a world record of 39.09 seconds in the men's 500-meter race, .11 second faster than the old mark held by Erhard Keller of West Germany. The Russian women were in top form, too. LIUDMILA BELCHINA and TATIANA SIDOROVA bettered world records in the 1,000-meter and 500-meter events with times of 1:29.09 and 43.29.

TRACK & FIELD Olympic champion Willie Davenport opened the indoor season in style when he set a meet record of 7.0 seconds for the 60-yard high hurdles at the All-American games in San Francisco. Then at the Washington CYO meet in College Park, Md., he ran a world-record-tying 60-yard high hurdles in 6.8 seconds. Finals at the K of C meet in Boston he won the 45-yard high hurdles in the world-record tying time of 5.1 seconds. Winners at San Francisco included Bill Toomey, who won the pentathlon with 3,995 points; John Carlos, winner of the 60- and 100-yard dashes; and Lee Evans who took the 440 in 48.6 seconds. In Boston last-minute entrant Harold Connolly threw the 35-pound weight 69' 10¾" for a meet record and Sam Bair edged Alan Robinson of Southern Illinois in a 4:06.2 mile. The CYO Meet in College Park was also highlighted by Mike Marts Liguori's come-from-behind win over Juan Luzuriaga. The race was run in 4:05.5. Liguori sprinting the last 160 yards in an impressive 20.2 seconds.

MILEPOSTS NAMED: As head football coach at the University of Rhode Island JACK GREGORY, who, after three years at Villanova and a 16-14 record, joins a school that has had only one winning season in the last 10 years and won but two of nine games in 1969.

NAMED: As general manager of the NFL's Baltimore Colts, DON KLOSTERMAN, scout for the AFL since 1960 and general manager of the Houston Oilers since 1966.

RETIRED: As head football coach at Purdue, just a few months before reaching the mandatory retirement age of 65, JACK MOLLENKOPF, who in 14 years led the Boilermakers to an 84-39-9 record, including a 14-13 win over USC in the 1966 Rose Bowl. Mollenkopf will be replaced by Assistant Coach BOB DeMOSS.

RETIRED: After seven years as head football coach at the University of California at Santa Barbara, JACK C. (Cactus Jack) CURTICE, to devote full time to his job as athletic director. Assistant Coach ANDY EVEREST, who played center under Curtice at Texas Western during 1947-49, will take over.

RESIGNED: As nonplaying captain of the U.S. Davis Cup team, DONALD DELL, 31, who in his two years as captain led the Americans to two cup victories, to devote more time to his Washington, D.C. law practice and to take a very active role in Maryland politics.

DIED: HILL PRINCE, 23, Horse of the Year for 1950 with victories in the Preakness, the Withers Mile and seven other stakes races that year, of a heart attack at the Doswell, Va. farm of his owner, Christopher T. Chenery.

CREDITS

4 Lee Schwarz—11 [illegible] Neil Leifer, right, James Drake 12 Neil Leifer 13 Lee, James Drake, bottom, Walter Iooss Jr. 14 Neil Leifer 16, 17 Herb Scharfman 18 Martin Mills 20, 23 Sheedy & Long 25 John D. Hanlon 28, 29 Tony [illegible] Ray DeCotaud III ABC 30, 31 Sheedy & Long 38, 41 Bruce Roberts, Rapho Guillumette 42 [illegible] Dudy Legros, Pictorial AP 65 Lloyd M. Schmeck (1)

FACES IN THE CROWD



KARL DOUGLAS, quarterback for Texas A&I, tossed three touchdown passes, ran for a fourth touchdown and kicked two conversions as he led the Javelinas to a 32-7 victory over Concordia College of Minnesota in the NAIA Championship Bowl.



MISSY LONG, 13, who lives on a farm near Dunwan, Okla., won $9,783 and a station wagon when she finished first in the women's barrel racing standings, thus becoming one of the youngest champions in the history of the national rodeo circuit.



BILL LA ROCK, 215-pound senior at St. Lawrence University in Canton, N.Y., won a 9-0 decision against a Hobart College opponent in an unlimited-class match to record his 33rd straight wrestling victory and remain unbeaten in three years of college competition.



JIMMY OODDS, 10, who swims for Alaska's Elmendorf Air Force Base Dolphins, set three boys' 9- and 10-year-old state records in a meet with the Anchorage Spa team in the 50-yard freestyle, the 100-yard freestyle and the 100-yard individual medley.



RALPH FOOTE, 5'6", 125-pound physical-education major at Taylor University in Upland, Ind., won all 10 of the cross-country meets he entered this season, including the NAIA national championships in Oklahoma City, where his time was 24:53 for five miles.



FLORENCE WETHERILL WALKER, who set a national women's skeet-shooting record in 1938, became the first lady chapter president in the 33-year history of Ducks Unlimited when she was elected head of the conservation organization's District of Columbia branch.

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

TV IMAGES

Sirs:

William Johnson's article *After TV Accepted the Call, Sunday Was Never the Same* (Jan. 5) was excellent. His description of the bidding war between the networks for the NFL and AFL games made me feel as though I had personally experienced the tensions and surprises. That last week in January 1964 had a great effect on professional football. I think it was a good one.

PETER ROTHRICH

Larchmont, N.Y.

Sirs:

William Johnson really got down to the nitty-gritty in his report of the behind-the-scenes moves in pro football's television war. The characters involved will not soon be forgotten: Harry Wismer and his idiosyncrasies, Bill MacPhail and his ploys, Roone Arledge and his wit. However, the iron rule of the cynical Pete Rozelle will be remembered as long as football exists.

Rozelle nurtured his blooming plant into what is now America's No. 1 national pastime. The tube was the ultimate and, instead of being rushed into long-term, heavy TV contracts, he gradually assessed the league's future and took it from there. No one is about to tell Mr. Rozelle how to operate his industry the way other sports are able to influence their respective hierarchies. In an empire where lesser men would have failed, this energetic commissioner succeeded. My hat is off to him.

BOB PAOCHASKA

East Dubuque, Ill.

Sirs:

"Let's pause for a moment. . . ." Those wondrous, magnificent words of wisdom (?) splaying a sponsor's commercial have now become one big fat irritating interruption of what was once an enjoyable event of TV football.

William Johnson states, "There are always at least 19 [commercials] over the four quarters of a contest." This means a minimum of 20 minutes a game devoted to watching people smoking, shaving, beering, etc., which hardly adds to sports entertainment. The result: less appreciation of the football event. Will our advertising media kill the goose that lays the golden egg? Or is just plain greediness making pro football viewing less and less enjoyable?

Let's not pause too many moments or it will be back to the beach on Sundays for Joe Doaks and family. Or shall we invent a TV set that automatically turns off the commercials?

DON MARKLY

Sarasota, Fla.

Sirs:

Your series on TV and sport is a sad but no doubt accurate account of American business operations with their total disregard for a fair price or responsible management. The economic spiral is obvious and simple, and it starts when three TV executives concoct totally exorbitant offers to televise sports. To offset this fantastic cost, TV charges industry its proportionate share, plus profit, for advertisements. And the parasitic and supercilious advertising industry takes its percentage, which is very sweet by now.

At the same time, the industries that are paying to advertise on TV are poring over their profit and loss figures and coming to the startling decision that, to offset the inflationary advertising costs, they must increase the prices of their products. Other industries, competitive and noncompetitive, related and unrelated, take account of this new marketplace price and conclude that if Americans will pay 84¢ for a box of, say, soap flakes, surely they will pay 84¢ for a pound of hamburger or a tube of toothpaste, a plastic toy and so on, up and down the price scale.

The next step is that these same Americans—now called the labor force, the labor unions, the white-collar workers, even the stockholders and, altogether, the paying public—recognize their individual need for added income to "pay the going price." They must go to their employers to demand, in one form or another, higher wages and/or higher dividends.

And let's not forget that the superplayers in the arena are also uniting under the TV spotlights and taking their money on the run. That of course sets up an obvious work parallel to all the other positions and professions of the workaday world.

I have a solution to this inflationary spiral, and it's as simple as three TV executives writing $14.1 million on a piece of paper. I call for a moratorium, a blackout, a lockout, a nationwide short circuit. Let's shut off the television. My initial bid is for a month—and if that doesn't have an effect in the marketplace, let us increase the bid by 100% and go for two months.

This could work, and it could work very fast. I suggest the month of July. August would be a great backup, and September is America's trump card. Let's do it!

JEAN SUNDSTROM

Pittsford, N.Y.

Sirs:

On the same day I received my copy of SPORTS ILLUSTRATED with its in-depth study of television and sport, I received a letter from Baseball Commissioner Bowie Kuhn acknowledging an analysis I sent to him revealing that the baseball attendance picture in Cleveland isn't as bad as it looks, considering that the Indians have followed a suicidal television policy for years. I was gratified to see SPORTS ILLUSTRATED concurring with me and adding that the televising of home games in Cleveland in the early '50s led to a plunge in attendance.

In my letter to Mr. Kuhn I pointed out that the city of Cleveland for years has been victimized by a lot of bad nationwide publicity because of its deceptively low baseball attendance. A look at the facts shows:

1) The Indians have televised weekend home games for 20 years. (How can you give your product away and sell it at the same time?)

2) Most major league teams, except in the large population centers, televise no home games at all, or a modest few.

3) Cleveland actually outdrew Pittsburgh in total combined 1968 and 1969 baseball attendance despite the fact that the Indians televised almost every weekend home game and the Pirates none!

VAAO CEAAAAO

Cleveland

DEMYTHOLOGIZATION

Sirs:

Ideally, comments on your articles ought to be of a sporting rather than a political or controversial nature, but Brock Yates' portrayal of Automobile Executive John DeLorean as a socially concerned liberal reformer with political possibilities (*New Kind of Wheel at GM*, Dec. 15) requires a bit of political demythologization.

Mr. DeLorean is described as "committed to social change" and quoted as advising disaffected college students: "It's futile to drop out of a system simply because one doesn't agree with what's going on. What you do is get involved. Change things. Make them right."

This seems like sound advice. But its credibility is severely compromised by the fact that it comes from a man whose social contributions include the charmingly exploitative sentiment: "We can make cars that will run 100,000 miles with minimum trouble and expense. Therefore we've got to build a new product that will lure the customer out of his old car before it's worn out." Aside from the fact that Detroit has yet to market the 100,000-mile miracle car referred to by Mr. DeLorean, the latter sentiment is based on some pseudo-Keynesean prattle—"This is the thing that keeps America dynamic"—which, because of its insensitivity to the quality-of-life standards that a rational economics must subserve, would outrage John Maynard Keynes as much as it

continued

We mean business



You can read Newsweek, Time and U.S. News & World Report and still not get as much business news as from Business Week alone.

BusinessWeek

A McGraw-Hill Magazine

Source: Lloyd H. Hall Co.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

If you're moving, please let us know four weeks before changing your address.

Be sure to attech your address label when writing on other matters concerning your subscription —billing adjustment, complaint, etc.

Subscription price in the United States, Canada Puerto Rico, and the Caribbean Islands $10.00 a year. Military personnel anywhere in the world $7.00 a year, all others $14.00 a year.

To order SI, check box ☐ new ☐ renewal

ATTACH PRESENT MAILING LABEL HERE.

Mail to **Sports Illustrated**
Time Life Building
Chicago, Illinois 60611

NAME _____

STREET _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP CODE



Lonely watchtower in Korea,edge of darkness in Berlin, silent jungle in Vietnam, crowded small town near the base...if he's there, so is the U S O. With 187 clubs that bring a wonderful, welcome touch of home to men and women far from their own. With traveling shows that bring music and laughter to the loneliest outposts on earth. Telling over 2,500,000 Americans in uniform (one from every 18 families) that somebody's grateful, somebody cares back home.

But U.S.O. is there only if *you* care. U S O. gets no government funds. Every dollar comes from personal contributions, from people like you, who give once each year through their local Community Chest or United Fund.

So vitally important, so sorely needed. Did you know that our service men and women made 21,000,000 visits to the U S O. last year, and were served by some 80,000 devoted U S O. volunteers? So give...for a friend or fiancé, a son or brother, or a neighbor - because he's there guarding, and you're here, secure.

GIVE! The U S O. is supported by your gift to your United Fund or Community Chest

does the Ralph Naders of today. The quality of American life is not at all enhanced by the "muscle cars" marketed by Mr. DeLorean's under-21, "tanned California sunbuds . . . broads." It is even more degraded by the air-pollution contributions of Mr. DeLorean's product.

Finally, Mr. Yates should spare us the pieties about Mr. DeLorean's "pioneer programs to open his factory's doors to the hard-core unemployed." These programs have been quantitative and qualitative failures. Such programs are being continued by the manufacturers, but in a manner redesigned so that a small amount of corporate seed money will draw in massive government, *i.e.*, taxpayer, support. Thus, a DeLorean-type "social concern" promises to blossom into a financial and public-image bonanza for our private manufacturers. When Mr. DeLorean says, "The countries that are making unusual progress toward eliminating hunger and poverty are basically imitating American managerial skills," he conveniently, or ignorantly, fails to mention that the appropriation of these skills is integrated into a system of public, not private, ownership. And, of course, he has fashioned his own noose with these same remarks. For why isn't the United States, with its wealth of managerial skills, one of the countries that is making unusual progress toward eliminating hunger, etc.? We can readily guess that it's because people in control of our industries, like Mr. DeLorean, lack any but a profit-oriented imagination and really are, according to their own description, "pretty conservative guys."

EDWARD A. RESO JR
Instructor in Philosophy
Fordham University
Bronx, N.Y.

Sirs:

I read with great interest your article on John DeLorean of General Motors. He appears to be a most outstanding, intelligent and energetic person, which accounts for his speedy ascent up the ladder of success. He has my admiration and congratulations.

But I would like to inquire as to whether, with all his talents and attributes, he is using them to solve the problem of the disposition of the old cars clogging our roads and junkyards, which are slowly smothering us, or the elimination of the car pollutants that are poisoning all of us to death.

More and more does not necessarily mean better and better, except possibly to GM and Mr. DeLorean. It is devastating to the rest of us.

JEANNETTE S. EGAN
Old Greenwich, Conn.

Address editorial mail to TIME & LIFE Bldg., Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020.

Seagram's Benchmark Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey. 86 Proof. Joseph E. Seagram & Sons, Louisville, Ky.

Craftsmanship lives in Benchmark. Measure your bourbon against it.

The men who make this Bourbon still think you can do a better job if you care a lot for your craft.

So, they were happy with the name Benchmark. It means, "that which others are measured against".

They think their Bourbon lives up to its name. Taste it and see what you think.




Come to where the flavor is.
Come to Marlboro Country.
Marlboro
100's
Marlboro
100's
Red or Longhorn 100's– you get a lot to like.